THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

——Mores hominum multorum vidit——

VOL. IX.

LONDON:

Printed for JOSEPH WENMAN,
No. 144, FLEET-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXX,

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

[*Conitnuation of* BOOK XVI.]

CHAP. VIII.

Schemes of lady Bellaſton for the ruin of Jones.

LOVE had taken too deep a root in the mind of lord Fellamar, to be plucked up by the rude hands of Mr. Weſtern. In the heat of reſentment he had indeed given a commiſſion to captain Egglane, which the captain had far exceeded in the execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his lordſhip been able to find the captain after he had ſeen lady Bellaſton, which was in the afternoon of the day after he had received the affront; but ſo induſtrious was the captain in the diſcharge of his duty, that having after long enquiry found out the Squire's lodgings very late in the evening, he ſat up all night at a tavern, that he might not miſs the Squire in the morning, and by that means miſſed the revocation which my lord had ſent to his lodgings.

In the afternoon then next after the intended rape of Sophia, his lordſhip, as we have ſaid, made a viſit

to lady Bellaſton, who laid open ſo much of the character of the Squire, that his lordſhip plainly ſaw the abſurdity he had been guilty of in taking any offence at his words, eſpecially as he had thoſe honourable deſigns on his daughter. He then unboſomed the violence of his paſſion to lady Bellaſton, who readily undertook the cauſe, and encouraged him with certain aſſurance of a moſt favourable reception from all the elders of the family, and from the father himſelf when he ſhould be ſober, and ſhould be made acquainted with the nature of the offer made to his daughter. The only danger, ſhe ſaid, lay in the fellow ſhe had formerly mentioned, who, though a beggar and a vagabond, had by ſome means or other, ſhe knew not what, procured himſelf tolerable cloaths, and paſt for a gentleman. 'Now,' ſays ſhe, 'as I 'have, for the ſake of my couſin, made it my buſi-'neſs to enquire after this fellow, I have luckily 'found out his lodgings;' with which ſhe the acquainted his lordſhip. 'I am thinking, my lord,' added ſhe, '(for this fellow is too mean for your per-'ſonal reſentment) whether it would not be poſſible 'for your lordſhip to contrive ſome method of hav-'ing him preſſed and ſent on board a ſhip. Neither 'law nor conſcience forbid this project; for the fel-'low, I promiſe you, however well dreſt, is but a 'vagabond, and as proper as any fellow in the ſtreets 'to be preſſed into the ſervice; and as for the con-'ſcientious part, ſurely the preſervation of a young 'lady from ſuch ruin is a moſt meritorious act; nay, 'with regard to the fellow himſelf, unleſs he could 'ſucceed (which heaven forbid) with my couſin, it 'may probably be the means of preſerving him from 'the gallows, and perhaps may make his fortune in 'an honeſt way.'

Lord Fellamar very heartily thanked her ladyſhip for the part which ſhe was pleaſed to take in the affair, upon the ſucceſs of which his whole future happineſs entirely depended. He ſaid, he ſaw at preſent

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no objection to the preſſing ſcheme, and would conſider of putting it in execution. He then moſt earneſtly recommended to her ladyſhip, to do him the honour of immediately mentioning his propoſals to the family; to whom, he ſaid, he offered a *carte blanche*, and would ſettle his fortune in almoſt any manner they ſhould require. And after uttering many extaſies and raptures concerning Sophia, he took his leave and departure, but not before he had received the ſtrongeſt charge to beware of Jones, and to loſe no time in ſecuring his perſon where he ſhould no longer be in a capacity of making any attempts to the ruin of the young lady.

The moment Mrs. Weſtern was arrived at her lodgings, a card was diſpatched with her compliments to lady Bellaſton; who no ſooner received it, than with the impatience of a lover, ſhe flew to her couſin, rejoiced at this fair opportunity, which beyond her hopes offered itſelf: for ſhe was much better pleaſed with the proſpect of making the propoſals to a woman of ſenſe, and who knew the world, than to a gentleman whom ſhe honoured with the appellation of Hottentot; tho' indeed from him ſhe apprehended no danger of a refuſal.

The two ladies being met, after very ſhort previous ceremonials, fell to buſineſs, which was indeed almoſt as ſoon concluded as begun; for Mrs. Weſtern no ſooner heard the name of lord Fellamar than her cheeks glowed with pleaſure; but when ſhe was acquainted with the eagerneſs of his paſſion, the earneſtneſs of his propoſals, and the generoſity of his offer, ſhe declared her full ſatisfaction in the moſt explicit terms.

In the progreſs of their converſation, their diſcourſe turned to Jones, and both couſins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate attachment which both agreed Sophia had to that young fellow; and Mrs. Weſtern entirely attributed it to the folly of her brother's management. She concluded however at laſt

with declaring her confidence in the good underſtand- of her niece, who, tho' ſhe would not give up her affection in favour of Blifil, will, I doubt not, ſays ſhe, ſoon be prevailed upon to ſacrifice a ſimple inclination to the addreſſes of a fine gentleman, who brings her both a title and a large eſtate: 'for indeed,' added ſhe, 'I muſt do Sophy the juſtice to confeſs, this Blifil is 'but a hideous kind of fellow, as you know, Bella- 'ſton, all country gentlemen are, and hath nothing 'but his fortune to recommend him.'

'Nay,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'I don't then ſo much 'wonder at my couſin; for I promiſe you, this Jones 'is a very agreeable fellow, and hath one virtue 'which the men ſay is a great recommendation to us. 'What do you think, Bell—I ſhall certainly make you 'laugh; nay, I can hardly tell you myſelf for laugh- 'ing.—Will you believe that the fellow hath had the 'aſſurance to make love to me? But if you ſhould 'be inclined to diſbelieve it, here is evidence enough, 'his own hand-writing, I aſſure you.' She then delivered her couſin the letter with the propoſals of marriage, which if the reader hath a deſire to ſee, he will find already on record in the XVth book of this hiſtory.

'Upon my word, I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern: 'this is indeed a maſter-piece of aſſurance. 'With your leave, I may poſſibly make ſome uſe of 'this letter.' 'You have my full liberty,' cries lady Bellaſton, 'to apply it to what purpoſe you pleaſe. 'However, I would not have it ſhewn to any but 'Miſs Weſtern, nor to her unleſs you find occaſion.' 'Well, and how did you uſe the fellow?' returned Mrs. Weſtern. 'Not as a huſband,' ſaid the lady; 'I am not married, I promiſe you, my dear. You 'know, Bell, I have tried the comforts once already; 'and once I think is enough for any reaſonable wo- 'man.'

This letter lady Bellaſton thought would certainly turn the balance againſt Jones in the mind of Sophia,

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and ſhe was emboldened to give it up, partly by her hopes of having him inſtantly diſpatched out of the way, and partly by having ſecured the evidence of Honour, who, upon ſounding her, ſhe ſaw ſufficient reaſon to imagine, was prepared to teſtify whatever ſhe pleaſed.

But perhaps the reader may wonder why lady Bellaſton, who in her heart hated Sophia, ſhould be ſo deſirous of promoting a match which was ſo much to the intereſt of the young lady. Now, I ſhould deſire ſuch readers to look carefully into human nature, page almoſt the laſt, and there he will find in ſcarce legible characters, that women, notwithſtanding the preposterous behaviour of mothers, aunts, &c. in matrimonial matters, do in reality think it ſo great a misfortune to have their inclinations in love thwarted, that they imagine they ought never to carry enmity higher than upon theſe diſappointments; again, he will find it written much about the ſame place, that a woman who hath once been pleaſed with the poſſeſſion of a man, will go above half way to the devil, to prevent any other woman from enjoying the ſame.

If he will not be contented with theſe reaſons, I freely confeſs I ſee no other motive to the actions of that lady, unleſs we will conceive ſhe was bribed by lord Fellamar, which for my own part I ſee no cauſe to ſuſpect.

Now this was the affair which Mrs. Weſtern was preparing to introduce to Sophia, by ſome prefatory diſcourſe on the folly of love, and on the wiſdom of legal proſtitution for hire, when her brother and Blifil broke abruptly in upon her; and hence aroſe all that coldneſs in her behaviour to Blifil, which, tho' the ſquire, as was uſual with him, imputed to a wrong cauſe, infuſed into Blifil himſelf (he being a much more cunning man) a ſuſpicion of the real truth.

CHAP. IX.

In which Jones pays a viſit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

THE reader may now perhaps be pleaſed to return with us to Mr. Jones, who at the appointed hour attended on Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but before we relate the converſation which now paſt, it may be proper, according to our method, to return a little back, and to account for ſo great an alteration of behaviour in this lady, that from changing her lodgings principally to avoid Mr. Jones, ſhe had now induſtriouſly, as hath been ſeen, ſought this interview.

And here we ſhall need only to reſort to what happened the preceding day, when hearing from lady Bellaſton, that Mr. Weſtern was arrived in town, ſhe went to pay her duty to him, at his lodgings at Piccadilly, where ſhe was received with many ſcurvy compellations too coarſe to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of doors. From hence an old ſervant of her aunt Weſtern, with whom ſhe was well acquainted, conducted her to the lodgings of that lady, who treated her not more kindly, but more politely; or, to ſay the truth, with rudeneſs in another way. In ſhort, ſhe returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her ſcheme of reconciliation had proved abortive, but that ſhe muſt for ever give over all thoughts of bringing it about by any means whatever. From this moment deſire of revenge only filled her mind; and in this temper meeting Jones at the play, an opportunity ſeemed to her to occur of effecting the purpoſe.

The reader muſt remember that he was acquainted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in the account ſhe gave of her own ſtory, with the fondneſs Mrs. Weſtern had formerly ſhewn for Mr. Fitzpatrick at Bath, from the diſappointment of which, Mrs. Fitzpatrick derived the great bitterneſs her aunt had expreſſed towards her

her. She had therefore no doubt but that the good lady would as eaſily liſten to the addreſſes of Mr. Jones, as ſhe had before done to the other; for the ſuperiority of charms was clearly on the ſide of Mr. Jones; and the advance which her aunt had ſince made in age, ſhe concluded (how juſtly I will not ſay) was an argument rather in favour of her project than againſt it.

Therefore, when Jones attended, after a previous declaration of her deſire of ſerving him, ariſing, as ſhe ſaid, from a firm aſſurance how much ſhe ſhould by ſo doing oblige Sophia; and after ſome excuſes for her former diſappointment, and after acquainting Mr. Jones in whoſe cuſtody his miſtreſs was, of which ſhe thought him ignorant; ſhe very explicitly mentioned her ſcheme to him, and adviſed him to make ſham addreſſes to the older lady, in order to procure an eaſy acceſs to the younger, informing him at the ſame time of the ſucceſs which Mr. Fitzpatrick had formerly owed to the very ſame ſtratagem.

Mr. Jones expreſſed great gratitude to the lady for the kind intentions towards him which ſhe had expreſſed, and indeed teſtified, by this propoſal; but beſides intimating ſome diffidence of ſucceſs from the lady's knowledge of his love to her niece, which had not been her caſe in regard to Mr Fitzpatrick, he ſaid, he was afraid Miſs Weſtern would never agree to an impoſition of this kind, as well from her utter deteſtation of all fallacy, as from her avowed duty to her aunt.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was a little nettled at this; and indeed, if it may not be called a lapſe of the tongue, it was a ſmall deviation from politeneſs in Jones, and into which he ſcarce would have fallen, had not the delight he felt in praiſing Sophia, hurried him out of all reflection; for this commendation of one couſin was more than a tacit rebuke on the other.

'Indeed, ſir,' anſwered the lady, with ſome

warmth, 'I cannot think there is any thing eaſier 'than to cheat an old woman with a profeſſion of 'love, when her complexion is amorous; and tho' 'ſhe is my aunt, I muſt ſay there never was a more 'liquoriſh one than her ladyſhip. Can't you pre-'tend that the deſpair of poſſeſſing her niece, from 'her being promiſed to Blifil, has made you turn 'your thoughts towards her? As to my couſin So-'phia, I can't imagine her to be ſuch a ſimpleton 'as to have the leaſt ſcruple on ſuch an account, or 'to conceive any harm in puniſhing one of theſe 'haggs for the many miſchiefs they bring upon fa-'milies, by their tragi-comic paſſions; for which I 'think it is pity they are not puniſhable by law. I 'had no ſuch ſcruple myſelf; and yet I hope my 'couſin Sophia will not think it an affront when I 'ſay ſhe cannot deteſt every real ſpecies of falſehood 'more than her couſin Fitzpatrick. To my aunt in-'deed I pretend no duty, nor doth ſhe deſerve any. 'However, ſir, I have given you my advice, and if 'you decline purſuing it, I ſhall have the leſs opi-'nion of your underſtanding—that's all.'

Jones now clearly ſaw the error he had commit-ted, and exerted his utmoſt power to rectify it; but he only faultered and ſtuttered into nonſenſe and contradiction. To ſay the truth, it is often ſafer to abide by the conſequences of the firſt blunder, than to endeavonr to rectify it; for by ſuch endeavours, we generally plunge deeper inſtead of extricating ourſelves; and few perſons will on ſuch occaſions have the good-nature which Mrs. Fitzpatrick diſplay-ed to Jones, by ſaying with a ſmile, 'You need at-'tempt no more excuſes; for I can eaſily forgive a 'real lover, whatever is the effect of fondneſs for his 'miſtreſs.'

She then renewed her propoſal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no argument which her invention could ſuggeſt on the ſubject; for ſhe was ſo violently incenſed againſt her aunt, that ſcarce any thing

thing was capable of affording her equal pleaſure with expoſing her; and like a true woman, ſhe would ſee no difficulties in the execution of a favourite ſcheme.

Jones however perſiſted in declining the undertaking, which had not indeed the leaſt probability of ſucceſs. He eaſily perceived the motives which induced Mrs. Fitzpatrick to be ſo eager in preſſing her advice. He ſaid, he would not deny the tender and paſſionate regard he had for Sophia; but was ſo conſcious of the inequality of their ſituations, that he could never flatter himſelf ſo far as to hope that ſo divine a young lady would condeſcend to think on ſo unworthy a man; nay, he proteſted, he could ſcarce bring himſelf to wiſh ſhe ſhould. He concluded with a profeſſion of generous ſentiments, which we have not at preſent leiſure to inſert.

There are ſome fine women (for I dare not here ſpeak in too general terms) with whom ſelf is ſo predominant, that they never detach it from any ſubject; and as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praiſe they meet with; and, though the property of others, convey it to their own uſe. In the company of theſe ladies it is impoſſible to ſay any thing handſome of another woman, which they will not apply to themſelves; nay, they often improve the praiſe they ſeize; as for inſtance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good humour deſerve ſo much commendation, what do I deſerve who poſſeſs thoſe qualities in ſo much more eminent a degree?

To theſe ladies a man often recommends himſelf while he is commending another woman; and while he is expreſſing ardour and generous ſentiments for his miſtreſs, they are conſidering what a charming lover this man would make to them, who can feel all this tenderneſs for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, ſtrange as it may ſeem, I have ſeen many inſtances beſides Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to whom all this really

really happened, and who now began to feel a ſomewhat for Mr. Jones, the ſymptoms of which ſhe much ſooner underſtood than poor Sophia had formerly done.

To ſay the truth, perfect beauty in both ſexes is a more irreſiſtible object than it is generally thought; for notwithſtanding ſome of us are contented with more homely lots, and learn by rote (as children are to repeat what gives them no idea) to deſpiſe outſide, and to value more ſolid charms; yet I have always obſerved at the approach of conſummate beauty, that theſe more ſolid charms only ſhine with that kind of luſtre which the ſtars have after the riſing of the ſun.

When Jones had finiſhed his exclamations, many of which would have become the mouth of Oroondates himſelf, Mrs. Fitzpatrick heaved a deep ſigh, and taking her eyes off from Jones, on whom they had been ſome time fixed, and dropping them on the ground, ſhe cried, 'Indeed, Mr. Jones, I pity you; 'but it is the curſe of ſuch tenderneſs to be thrown 'away on thoſe who are inſenſible of it. I know 'my couſin better than you, Mr. Jones. and I muſt 'ſay, any woman who makes no return to ſuch a 'paſſion, and ſuch a perſon, is unworthy of both.'

'Sure, madam,' ſaid Jones, 'you can't mean'— 'Mean!' cries Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'I know not what 'I mean; there is ſomething, I think, in true tenderneſs bewitching; few women ever meet with 'it in men, and fewer ſtill know how to value 'it when they do. I never heard ſuch truly noble 'ſentiments, and I can't tell how it is, but you 'force one to believe you. Sure ſhe muſt be the 'moſt contemptible of women who can overlook 'ſuch merit.'

The manner and look with which all this was ſpoke, infuſed a ſuſpicion into Jones, which we don't care to convey in direct words to the reader. Inſtead of making any anſwer, he ſaid, 'I am afraid, ma-

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'dam, I have made too tireſome a viſit,' and offered to take his leave.

'Not at all, ſir,' anſwered Mrs. Fitzpatrick. '—Indeed I pity you, Mr. Jones; indeed I do: 'but if you are going, conſider of the ſcheme I have 'mentioned. I am convinced you will approve it, 'and let me ſee you again as ſoon as you can.—To-'morrow morning if you will, or at leaſt ſome time 'to morrow. I ſhall be at home all day.'

Jones then, after many expreſſions of thanks, very reſpectfully retired; nor could Mrs. Fitzpatrick forbear making him a preſent of a look at parting, by which if he had underſtood nothing, he muſt have had no underſtanding in the language of the eyes. In reality it confirmed his reſolution of returning to her no more; for faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this hiſtory, his whole thoughts were now ſo confined to his Sophia, that I believe no woman upon earth could have now drawn him into an act of inconſtancy.

Fortune however, who was not his friend, reſolved, as he intended to give her no ſecond opportunity, to make the beſt of this; and accordingly produced the tragical incident which we are now in ſorrowful notes to record.

CHAP. X.

The conſequence of the preceding viſits.

MR. Fitzpatrick having received the letter before mentioned, from Mrs. Weſtern, and being by that means acquainted with the place to which his wife was retired, returned directly to Bath, and thence the day after ſet forward to London.

The reader hath been already often informed of the jealous temper of this gentleman. He may likewiſe be pleaſed to remember the ſuſpicion which he had conceived of Jones at Upton, upon his finding him in the room with Mrs. Waters; and though ſufficient reaſons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear

clear up that ſuſpicion, yet now the reading ſo handſome a character of Mr. Jones from his wife, cauſed him to reflect, that ſhe likewiſe was in the inn at the ſame time, and jumbled together ſuch a confuſion of circumſtances in a head which was naturally none of the cleareſt, that the whole produced that green-eyed monſter mentioned by Shakeſpear in his tragedy of Othello.

And now as he was enquiring in the ſtreet after his wife, and had juſt received directions to the door, unfortunately Mr. Jones was iſſuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the face of Jones; however, ſeeing a young well-dreſſed fellow coming from his wife, he made directly up to him, and aſked him what he had been doing in that houſe? 'For I 'am ſure,' ſaid he, 'you muſt have been in it, as I 'ſaw you come out of it.'

Jones anſwered very modeſtly, 'That he had been 'viſiting a lady there.' To which Fitzpatrick replied, 'What buſineſs have you with the lady?' Upon which Jones, who now perfectly remembered the voice, features, and indeed coat of the gentleman, cried out,—'Ha! my good friend; give me your 'hand; I hope there is no ill blood remaining be'tween us, upon a ſmall miſtake which happened ſo 'long ago.'

'Upon my ſoul, ſir,' ſaid Fitzpatrick, 'I don't 'know your name, nor your face.' 'Indeed, ſir,' ſaid Jones, 'neither have I the pleaſure of knowing 'your name, but your face I very well remember to 'have ſeen before, at Upton, where a fooliſh quarrel 'happened between us, which, if it is not made up 'yet, we will now make up over a bottle.'

'At Upton!' cried the other.—'Ha! upon my 'ſoul, I believe your name is Jones.' 'Indeed,' anſwered he, 'it is.'—'O, upon my ſoul,' cries Fitzpatrick, 'you are the very man I wanted to meet. '——Upon my ſoul I will drink a bottle with you 'preſently; but firſt I will give you a great knock

'over

'over the pate. There is for you, you raſcal. Upon 'my ſoul, if you do not give me ſatisfaction for that 'blow, I will give you another.' And then drawing his ſword, puts himſelf in a poſture of defence, which was the only ſcience he underſtood.

Jones was a little ſtaggered by the blow which came ſomewhat unexpectedly; but preſently recovering himſelf, he alſo drew, and though he underſtood nothing of fencing, preſt on ſo boldly upon Fitzpatrick, that he beat down his guard, and ſheathed one half of his ſword in the body of the ſaid gentleman, who had no ſooner received it, than he ſtept backwards, dropt the point of his ſword, and leaning upon it, cried, 'I have ſatisfaction enough: I am a dead 'man.'

'I hope not,' cries Jones, 'but whatever be the 'conſequence, you muſt be ſenſible you have drawn 'it upon yourſelf.' At this inſtant a number of fellows ruſhed in and ſeized Jones, who told them, he ſhould make no reſiſtance, and begged ſome of them at leaſt would take care of the wounded gentleman.

'Ay,' cries one of the fellows, 'the wounded 'gentleman will be taken care enough of; for I ſup-'poſe he hath not many hours to live. As for you, 'ſir, you have a month at leaſt good yet.' 'D—n 'me, Jack,' ſaid another, 'he hath prevented his 'voyage; he's bound to another port now;' and many other ſuch jeſts was our poor Jones made the ſubject of, by theſe fellows, who were indeed the gang employed by lord Fellamar, and had dogged him into the houſe of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, waiting for him at the corner of the ſtreet, when this unfortunate accident happened.

The officer who commanded this gang very wiſely concluded, that his buſineſs was now to deliver his priſoner into the hands of the civil magiſtrate. He ordered him therefore to be carried to a public houſe, where, having ſent for a conſtable, he delivered him to his cuſtody.

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The conſtable ſeeing Mr. Jones very well dreſt, and hearing that the accident had happened in a duel, treated his priſoner with great civility, and, at his requeſt, diſpatched a meſſenger to enquire after the wounded gentleman, who was now at a tavern under the ſurgeon's hands. The report brought back was, that the wound was certainly mortal, and there were no hopes of life. Upon which the conſtable informed Jones, that he muſt go before a juſtice. He anſwered, 'Wherever you pleaſe: I am indifferent as to what 'happens to me; for though I am convinced I am 'not guilty of murder in the eye of the law, yet the 'weight of blood I find intolerable upon my mind.'

Jones was now conducted before the juſtice, where the ſurgeon who dreſſed Mr. Fitzpatrick appeared, and depoſed, that he believed the wound to be mortal; upon which the priſoner was committed to the Gate-houſe. It was very late at night, ſo that Jones would not ſend for Partridge till the next morning; and as he never ſhut his eyes till ſeven, ſo it was near twelve before the poor fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his maſter ſo long, received a meſſage which almoſt deprived him of his being, when he heard it.

He went to the Gate-houſe with trembling knees and a beating heart, and was no ſooner arrived in the preſence of Jones, than he lamented the misfortune that had befallen him, with many tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great terror; for as the news now arrived that Mr. Fitzpatrick was dead, the poor fellow apprehended every minute that his ghoſt would enter the room. At laſt he delivered him a letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from Sophia by the hands of Black George.

Jones preſently diſpatched every one out of the room, and having eagerly broke open the letter, read as follows;

'You

'You owe the hearing from me again to an acci-
'dent, which I own ſurprizes me. My aunt hath
'juſt now ſhewn me a letter from you to lady Bella-
'ſton, which contains a propoſal of marriage. I
'am convinced it is your own hand; and what more
'ſurprizes me, is, that it is dated at the very time
'when you would have me imagine you was under
'ſuch concern on my account.—I leave you to com-
'ment on this fact. All I deſire is, that your name
'may never more be mentioned to

'S. W.'

Of the preſent ſituation of Mr. Jones's mind, and of the pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the reader a better idea, than by ſaying, his miſery was ſuch, that even Thwackum would almoſt have pitied him. But bad as it is, we ſhall at preſent leave him in it, as his good genius (if he really had any) ſeems to have done. And here we put an end to the ſixteenth book of our hiſtory.

BOOK XVII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. I.

Containing a portion of introductory writing.

WHEN a comic writer hath made his principal characters as happy as he can; or when a tragic writer hath brought them to the higheſt pitch of human miſery, they both conclude their buſineſs to be done and that their work is come to a period.

Had we been of the tragic complexion, the reader muſt allow we were now very nearly arrived at this period, ſince it would be difficult for the devil, or any of his repreſentatives on earth, to have contrived much

much greater torments for poor Jones than thoſe in which we left him in the laſt chapter; and as for Sophia, a good natured woman would hardly wiſh more uneaſineſs to a rival, than what ſhe muſt at preſent be ſuppoſed to feel. What then remains to complete the tragedy but a murder or two, and a few moral ſentences.

But to bring our favourites out of their preſent anguiſh and diſtreſs, and to land them at laſt on the ſhore of happineſs, ſeems a much harder taſk; a taſk indeed ſo hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to Sophia, it is more than probable, that we ſhall ſomewhere or other provide a good huſband for her in the end, either Blifil, or my lord, or ſomebody elſe; but as to poor Jones, ſuch are the calamities in which he is at preſent involved, owing to his imprudence, by which if a man doth not become a felon to the world, he is at leaſt a *felo de ſe*; ſo deſtitute is he now of friends, and ſo perſecuted by enemies, that we almoſt deſpair of bringing him to any good; and if our reader delights in ſeeing executions, I think he ought not to loſe any time in taking a firſt row at Tyburn.

This I faithfully promiſe, that notwithſtanding any affection, which we may be ſuppoſed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our hero, we will lend him none of that ſupernatural aſſiſtance with which we are entruſted, upon condition that we uſe it only on very important occaſions. If he doth not therefore find ſome natural means of fairly extricating himſelf from all his diſtreſſes, we will do no violence to the truth and dignity of hiſtory for his ſake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn (which may very probably be the caſe) than forfeit our integrity, or ſhock the faith of our reader.

In this the antients had a great advantage over the moderns. Their mythology, which was at that time more firmly believed by the vulgar than any religion is at preſent, gave them always an opportunity of delivering

delivering a favourite hero. Their deities were always ready at the writer's elbow, to execute any of his purpoſes; and the more extraordinary the invention was, the greater was the ſurprize and delight of the credulous reader. Thoſe writers could with greater eaſe have conveyed a friend from one country to another, nay, from one world to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumſcribed modern can deliver him from a gaol.

The Arabians and Perſians had an equal advantage in writing their tales from the Genii and Fairies, which they believe in as an article of their faith, upon the authority of the Koran itſelf. But we have none of theſe helps. To natural means alone we are confined; let us try therefore what by theſe means may be done for poor Jones; though, to confeſs the truth, ſomething whiſpers me in the ear, that he doth not yet know the worſt of his fortune; and that a more ſhocking piece of news than any he hath yet heard, remains for him in the unopened leaves of fate.

CHAP. II.

The generous and grateful behaviour of Mrs. Miller.

MR. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller were juſt ſat down to breakfaſt, when Blifil, who had gone out very early that morning, returned to make one of the company.

He had not been long ſeated before he began as follows: 'Good Lord! my dear uncle, what do 'you think hath happened? I vow I am afraid of 'telling it you, for fear of ſhocking you with the 'remembrance of ever having ſhewn any kindneſs 'to ſuch a villain.'—'What is the matter, child?' ſaid the uncle; 'I fear I have ſhewn kindneſs in my 'life to the unworthy more than once. But charity 'doth not adopt the vices of its objects.'—'O! ſir,' retured Blifil, 'it is not without the ſecret direction 'of providence that you mention the word adoption.

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'Your adopted ſon, ſir, that Jones, that wretch whom you nouriſhed in your boſom, hath proved one of the greateſt villains upon earth.'—'By all that's ſacred 'tis falſe,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Mr. Jones is no villain. He is one of the worthieſt creatures breathing; and if any other perſon had called him villain, I would have thrown all this boiling water in his face.' Mr. Allworthy looked very much amazed at this behaviour. But ſhe did not give him leave to ſpeak, before turning to him, ſhe cried, 'I hope you will not be angry with me; I would not offend you, ſir, for the world; but indeed I could not bear to hear him called ſo.'—'I muſt own, madam,' ſaid Allworthy very gravely, 'I am a little ſurprized to hear you ſo warmly defend a fellow you do not know.'—'O! I do know him, Mr. Allworthy,' ſaid ſhe, 'indeed I do; I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful of all wretches if I denied it. O he hath preſerved me and my little family! we have all reaſon to bleſs him while we live.—And I pray heaven to bleſs him, and turn the hearts of his malicious enemies. I know, I find, I ſee he hath ſuch.'—'You ſuprize me, madam, ſtill more,' ſaid Allworthy, 'ſure you muſt mean ſome other. It is impoſſible you ſhould have any ſuch obligations to the man my nephew mentions.'—'Too ſurely,' anſwered ſhe, 'I have obligations to him of the greateſt and tendereſt kind. He hath been the preſerver of me and mine.—Believe me, ſir, he hath been abuſed, groſsly abuſed to you; I know he hath, or you, whom I know to be all goodneſs and honour, would not, after the many kind and tender things I have heard you ſay of this poor helpleſs child, have ſo diſdainfully called him fellow. Indeed, my beſt of friends, he deſerves a kinder appellation from you, had you heard the good, the kind, the grateful things which I have heard him utter of you. He never mentions your name but with a ſort of adoration. In this

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'very room I have ſeen him on his knees imploring 'all the bleſſings of heaven upon your head. I do 'not love that child there better than he loves you.'

'I ſee ſir, now,' ſaid Blifil, with one of thoſe grinning ſneers with which the devil marks his beſt beloved, 'Mrs. Miller really doth know him. I ſuppoſe 'you will find ſhe is not the only one of your ac-'quaintance to whom he hath expoſed you. As for 'my character, I perceive by ſome hints ſhe hath 'thrown out, he hath been very free with it, but I 'forgive him.'—'And the Lord forgive you, ſir,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'we have all ſins enough to ſtand 'in need of his forgiveneſs.'

'Upon my word, Mrs. Miller,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I do not take this behaviour of yours to my nephew, 'kindly; and I do aſſure you, as any reflections 'which you caſt upon him muſt come only from 'that wickedeſt of men, they would only ſerve, if 'that were poſſible, to heighten my reſentment 'againſt him: for I muſt tell you, Mrs. Miller, the 'young man who now ſtands before you, hath ever 'been the warmeſt advocate for the ungrateful wretch 'whoſe cauſe you eſpouſe. This, I think, when 'you hear it from my own mouth, will make you 'wonder at ſo much baſeneſs and ingratitude.'

'You are deceived, ſir,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'if they were the laſt words which were to iſſue from 'my lips, I would ſay you were deceived; and I 'once more repeat it, the Lord forgive thoſe who 'have deceived you. I do not pretend to ſay the 'young man is without faults; but they are the faults 'of wildneſs and of youth; faults which he may, 'nay which I am certain he will relinquiſh, and if 'he ſhould not, they are vaſtly over-balanced by one 'of the moſt humane, tender, honeſt hearts, that ever 'man was bleſt with.'

'Indeed, Mrs. Miller,' ſaid Allworthy, 'had this 'been related of you, I ſhould not have believed it.' 'Indeed, ſir,' anſwered ſhe, 'you will believe every

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'thing I have said, I am sure you will; and when 'you have heard the story which I shall tell you (for 'I shall tell you all) you will be so far from being 'offended, that you will own (I know your justice so 'well) that I must have been the most despicable and 'most ungrateful of wretches, if I had acted any other 'part than I have.'

'Well, madam,' 'said Allworthy, 'I shall be 'very glad to hear any good excuse for a behaviour 'which, I must confess, I think wants an excuse. 'And now, madam, will you be pleased to let my 'nephew proceed in his story without interruption? 'He would not have introduced a matter of slight 'consequence with such a preface. Perhaps even 'this story will cure you of your mistake.'

Mrs. Miller gave tokens of submission, and then Mr. Blifil began thus: 'I am sure, sir, if you don't 'think proper to resent the ill usage of Mrs. Miller, 'I shall easily forgive what affects me only. I think 'your goodness hath not deserved this indignity 'at her hands.' 'Well, child,' said Allworthy, 'but what is this new instance? What hath he 'done of late?' 'What,' cries Blifil, 'notwith-'standing all Mrs. Miller hath said, I am very sorry 'to relate, and what you should never have heard 'from me, had it not been a matter impossible to 'conceal from the whole world. In short, he hath 'killed a man; I will not say murdered—for per-'haps it may not be so construed in law, and I hope 'the best for his sake.'

Allworthy looked shocked, and blessed himself; and then turning to Mrs. Miller, he cried, 'Well, 'madam, what say you now?'

'Why, I say, sir,' answered she, 'that I never 'was more concerned at any thing in my life; but, 'if the fact be true, I am convinced the man, who-'ever he is, was in fault. Heaven knows there are 'many villains in this town, who make it their busi-'ness to provoke young gentlemen. Nothing but

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'the greateſt provocation could have tempted him; 'for of all the gentlemen I ever had in my houſe, I 'never ſaw one ſo gentle, or ſo ſweet-tempered. 'He was beloved by every one in the houſe, and 'every one who came near it.'

While ſhe was thus running on, a violent knocking at the door interrupted the converſation, and prevented her from proceeding further, or from receiving any anſwer: for as ſhe concluded this was a viſitor to Mr. Allworthy, ſhe haſtily retired, taking with her her little girl, whoſe eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy news ſhe heard of Jones, who uſed to call her his little wife, and not only gave her many play-things, but ſpent whole hours in playing with her himſelf.

Some readers may perhaps be pleaſed with theſe minute circumſtances, in relating of which we follow the example of Plutarch, one of the beſt of our brother hiſtorians; and others, to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at leaſt pardon them, as we are never prolix on ſuch occaſions.

CHAP. III.

The arrival of Mr. Weſtern, with ſome matters concerning the paternal authority.

MRS. Miller had not long left the room, when Mr. Weſtern entered; but not before a ſmall wrangling-bout had paſſed between him and his chairmen; for the fellows who had taken up their burden at the Hercules Pillars, had conceived no hopes of having any future good cuſtomer in the ſquire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his generoſity, (for he had given them of his own accord ſix-pence more than their fare); they therefore very boldly demanded another ſhilling, which ſo provoked the ſquire, that he not only beſtowed many hearty curſes on them at the door, but retained his anger after he came into the room; ſwearing that

all the Londoners were like the court, and thought of nothing but plundering country gentlemen.—— 'D—n me,' says he, 'if I won't walk in the rain 'rather than get into one of their handbarrows again. 'They have jolted me more in a mile than Brown 'Bess would in a long fox chase.'

When his wrath on this occasion was a little appeased, he resumed the same passionate tone on another. 'There,' says he, 'there is fine business 'forwards now. The hounds have changed at last, 'and when we imagined we had a fox to deal with, 'od-rat-it, it turns out to be a badger at last.'

'Pray, my good neighbour,' says Allworthy, drop 'your metaphors, and speak a little plainer.'

'Why, then,' says the squire, 'to tell you plainly, 'we have been all this time afraid of a son of a 'whore of a bastard of somebody's, I don't know 'who's, not I—And now, here is a confounded son 'of a whore of a lord, who may be a bastard too 'for what I know or care, for he shall never have a 'daughter of mine by my consent. They have beggared the nation, but they shall never beggar me. 'My land shall never be sent over to Hanover.'

'You surprize me much, my good friend,' said Allworthy. 'Why, zounds! I am surprized myself,' answered the squire, 'I went to zee sister 'Western last night, according to her own appointment, and there I was a had into a whole room-full 'of women.—There was my lady cousin Bellaston, 'and my lady Betty, and my lady Catharine, and 'my lady I don't know who; d—n me if ever you 'catch me among such a kennel of hoop-petticoat 'b——s. D—n me, I'd rather be run by my own 'dogs as one Acton was, that the story-book says 'was turned into a hare: and his own dogs killed 'un, an eat un. Od-rabbit-it, no mortal was ever 'run in such a manner; if I dodged one way, one 'had me; if I offered to clap back, another snap'd 'me. "O! certainly one of the greatest matches in

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"England," says one cousin, (here he attempted to mimic them); "a very advantageous offer indeed," cries another cousin, (for you must know they be all my cousins, thof I never zeed half oum before) "surely," says that fat a—se b—, my lady Bellaston, "cousin, you must be out of your wits to "think of refusing such an offer."

'Now I begin to understand,' says Allworthy, 'some person hath made proposals to Miss Western, 'which the ladies of the family approve, but it is 'not to your liking.'

'My liking!' said Western, 'how the devil 'should it? I tell you it is a lord, and those are 'always volks whom you know I always resolved 'to have nothing to do with. Did unt I refuse a 'a matter of vorty years purchase now for a bit of 'land, which one oum had a mind to put into a 'park, only because I would have no dealings with 'lords, and dost think I would marry my daughter 'zu? Besides, ben't I engaged to you, and did I 'ever go off any bargain when I had promised.'

'As to that point, neighbour,' said Allworthy, I 'entirely release you from any engagement. No 'contract can be binding between parties who have 'not a full power to make it at the time, nor ever 'afterwards acquire the power of fulfilling it.'

'Slud! then,' answered Western, 'I tell you I 'have power, and I will fulfil it. Come along with 'me directly to Doctor's Commons, I will get a licence; and I will go to sister, and take away the 'wench by force, and she shall ha un, or I will 'lock her up and keep her upon bread and water as 'long as she lives.'

'Mr. Western,' said Allworthy, 'shall I beg you 'will hear my full sentiments on this matter?' 'Hear thee! ay to be sure, I will,' answered he. 'Why then, sir,' cries Allworthy, 'I can truly say, 'without a compliment either to you or the young 'lady, that when this match was proposed, I em-

'braced it very readily and heartily, from my re-
'gard to you both. An alliance between two fa-
'milies ſo nearly neighbours, and between whom
'there had always exiſted ſo mutual an intercourſe
'and good harmony, I thought a moſt deſirable
'event; and with regard to the young lady, not
'only the concurrent opinion of all who knew her,
'but my own obſervation aſſured me that ſhe would
'be an ineſtimable treaſure to a good huſband. I
'ſhall ſay nothing of her perſonal qualifications,
'which certainly are admirable; her good-nature,
'her charitable diſpoſition, her modeſty, are too well
'known to need any panegyric: but ſhe hath one
'quality which exiſted in a high degree in that beſt
'of women, who is now one of the firſt of angels,
'which as it is not of a glaring kind, more com-
'monly eſcapes obſervation; ſo little indeed it is
'remarked, that I want a word to expreſs it. I
'muſt uſe negatives on this occaſion. I never heard
'any thing of pertneſs, or what is called repartee,
'out of her mouth; no pretence to wit, much leſs
'to that kind of wiſdom, which is the reſult only
'of great learning and experience; the affectation of
'which, in a young woman, is as abſurd as any of
'the affectations of an ape. No dictatorial ſenti-
'ments, no judicial opinions, no profound criticiſms.
'Whenever I have ſeen her in the company of men,
'ſhe hath been all attention, with the modeſty of a
'learner, not the forwardneſs of a teacher. You'll
'pardon me for it, but I once, to try her only, de-
'ſired her opinion on a point which was controverted
'between Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square. To
'which ſhe anſwered with much ſweetneſs, "You
"will pardon me, good Mr. Allworthy, I am ſure
"you cannot in earneſt think me capable of decid-
"ing any point in which two ſuch gentlemen diſ-
"agree." Thwackum and Square, who both alike
'thought themſelves ſure of a favourable deciſion,
'ſeconded my requeſt. She anſwered with the ſame

'good

'good humour, "I muſt abſolutely be excuſed; for "I will affront neither ſo much, as to give my judg-"ment on his ſide." 'Indeed, ſhe always ſhewed 'the higheſt deference to the underſtanding of men; 'a quality abſolutely eſſential to the making a good 'wife. I ſhall only add, that as ſhe is moſt appa-'rently void of all affectation, this difference muſt 'be certainly real.'

Here Blifil ſighed bitterly; upon which Weſtern, whoſe eyes were full of tears at the praiſe of Sophia, blubbered out, 'Don't be chicken-hearted, for ſhat 'ha her, d—n me, ſhat ha her, if ſhe was twenty 'times as good.'

'Remember your promiſe, ſir,' cried Allworthy, 'I was not to be interrupted.' 'Well, ſhat unt,' anſwered the ſquire, 'I won't ſpeak another word.'

'Now, my good friend,' continued Allworthy, 'I have dwelt ſo long on the merit of this young 'lady, partly as I really am in love with her charac-'ter, and partly that fortune (for the match in that 'light is really advantageous on my nephew's ſide) 'might not be imagined to be my principal view in 'having ſo eagerly embraced the propoſal. Indeed 'I heartily wiſhed to receive ſo great a jewel into my 'family; but though I may wiſh for many good 'things, I would not therefore ſteal them, or be 'guilty of any violence or injuſtice to poſſeſs myſelf 'of them. Now to force a woman into a marriage 'contrary to her conſent or approbation, is an act of 'ſuch injuſtice and oppreſſion, that I wiſh the laws 'of our country could reſtrain it; but a good con-'ſcience is never lawleſs in the worſt-regulated ſtate, 'and will provide thoſe laws for itſelf, which the 'neglect of legiſlators hath forgotten to ſupply. This 'is ſurely a caſe of that kind; for is it not cruel, nay 'impious, to force a woman into that ſtate againſt her 'will; for her behaviour in which ſhe is to be ac-'countable to the higheſt and moſt dreadful court of 'judicature, and to anſwer at the peril of her ſoul?

'To discharge the matrimonial duties in an adequate 'manner is no easy task; and shall we lay this bur- 'then upon a woman, while we at the same time de- 'prive her of all that assistance which may enable her 'to undergo it? Shall we tear her very heart from 'her, while we enjoin her duties to which a whole 'heart is scarce equal. I must speak very plainly 'here; I think parents who act in this manner are 'accessaries to all the guilt which their children after- 'wards incur, and of course must, before a just judge, 'expect to partake of their punishment; but if they 'could avoid this, good heaven! is there a soul who 'can bear the thought of having contributed to the 'damnation of his child?

'For these reasons, my best neighbour, as I see 'the inclinations of this young lady are most unhap- 'pily averse to my nephew, I must decline any fur- 'ther thoughts of the honour you intended him, 'though I assure you I shall always retain the most 'grateful sense of it.'

'Well, Sir,' said Western, (the froth bursting forth from his lips, the moment they were un- corked) 'you cannot say but I have heard you 'out, and now I expect you'll hear me; and if 'I don't answer every word on't, why then I'll 'consent to gee the matter up. First then, I desire 'you to answer me one question; Did not I beget 'her? Did not I beget her? Answer me that. 'They say indeed it is a wise father that knows his 'own child; but I am sure I have the best title to 'her, for I bred her up. But I believe you will 'allow me to be her father; and if I be, am I not 'to govern my own child? I ask you that, am I 'not to govern my own child? And if I am to go- 'vern her in other matters, surely I am to govern 'her in this which concerns her most. And what 'am I desiring all this while? Am I desiring her 'to do any thing for me? To give me any thing?— 'Zu much on t'other side, that I am only desiring

'her

'her to take away half my eſtate now, and t'other half when I die. Well, and what is it all vor?—Why is unt it to make her happy? It's enough to make one mad to hear volks talk; if I was going to marry myſelf, then ſhe would ha reaſon to cry out and to blubber; but on the contrary, han't I offered to bind down my land in ſuch a manner, that I could not marry if I would, ſeeing as narro' woman upon earth would ha me. What the devil in hell can I do more? I contribute to her damnation!—Zounds! I'd zee all the world d—d before her little finger ſhould be hurt. Indeed, Mr. Allworthy, you muſt excuſe me, but I am ſurprized to hear you talk in ſuch a manner, and I muſt ſay, take it how you will, that I thought you had more ſenſe.'

Allworthy reſented this reflection only with a ſmile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have conveyed into that ſmile any mixture of malice or contempt. His ſmiles at folly were indeed ſuch as we may ſuppoſe the angels beſtow on the abſurdities of mankind.

Blifil now deſired to be permitted to ſpeak a few words. 'As to uſing any violence on the young 'lady, I am ſure I ſhall never conſent to it. My 'conſcience will not permit me to uſe violence on 'any one, much leſs on a lady for whom, however 'cruel ſhe is to me, I ſhall always preſerve the pureſt 'and ſincereſt affection; but yet I have read, that 'women are ſeldom proof againſt perſeverance — 'Why may I not hope then by ſuch perſeverance at 'laſt to gain thoſe inclinations, in which for the fu'ture I ſhall, perhaps, have no rival? For as for this 'lord, Mr. Weſtern is ſo kind to prefer me to him; 'and ſure, ſir, you will not deny but that a parent 'hath at leaſt a negative voice in theſe matters; nay, 'I have heard this very young lady herſelf ſay ſo 'more than once, and declare, that ſhe thought chil'dren inexcuſable who married in direct oppoſition

'to the will of their parents. Beſides, though the 'other ladies of the family ſeem to favour the pre- 'tenſions of my lord, I do not find the lady herſelf 'inclined to give him any countenance; alas! I am 'too well aſſured ſhe is not; I am too ſenſible that 'wickedeſt of men remains uppermoſt in her heart.'

'Ay, ay, ſo he does,' cries Weſtern.

'But ſurely,' ſays Blifil, 'when ſhe hears of this 'murder which he hath committed, if the law ſhould 'ſpare his life——

'What's that?' cries Weſtern, 'murder! hath he 'committed a murder, and is there any hopes of ſee- 'ing him hanged?—Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.' Here he fell a ſinging and capering about the room.

'Child,' ſays Allworthy, 'this unhappy paſſion of 'yours diſtreſſes me beyond meaſure. I heartily pity 'you, and would do every fair thing to promote your 'ſucceſs.'

'I deſire no more,' cries Blifil, 'I am convinced 'my dear uncle hath a better opinion of me than to 'think that I myſelf would accept of more.'

'Lookee,' ſays Allworthy, 'you have my leave to 'write, to viſit, if ſhe will permit it—but I inſiſt on 'no thoughts of violence. I will have no confine- 'ment, nothing of that kind attempted.'

'Well, well,' cries the Squire, 'nothing of that 'kind ſhall be attempted; we will try a little longer 'what fair means will effect; and if this fellow be 'but hanged out of the way—Tol lol de rol. I never 'heard better news in my life; I warrant every thing 'goes to my mind.—Do, prithee, dear Allworthy, 'come and dine with me at the Hercules Pillars: I 'have beſpoke a ſhoulder of mutton roaſted, and a 'ſpare-rib of pork, and a fowl and egg-ſauce. There 'will be nobody but ourſelves, unleſs we have a 'mind to have the landlord; for I have ſent parſon 'Supple down to Baſingſtoke after my tobacco-box, 'which I left at an inn there, and I would not loſe 'it for the world; for it is an old acquaintance of

'above

'above twenty years ſtanding. I can tell you land-'lord is a vaſt comical bitch, you will like un hugely.

Mr. Allworthy at laſt agreed to this invitation, and ſoon after the Squire went off, ſinging and capering at the hopes of ſeeing the ſpeedy tragical end of poor Jones.

When he was gone, Mr. Allworthy reſumed the aforeſaid ſubject with much gravity. He told his nephew, 'he wiſhed with all his heart he would en-'deavour to conquer a paſſion, in which I cannot, ſays he, 'flatter you with any hopes of ſucceeding. 'It is certainly a vulgar error, that averſion in a wo-'man may be conquered by perſeverance. Indifference 'may, perhaps, ſometimes yield to it; but the uſual 'triumphs gained by perſeverance in a lover are over 'caprice, prudence, affectation, and often an exor-'bitant degree of levity, which excites women, not 'over-warm in their conſtitutions, to indulge their 'vanity by prolonging the time of courtſhip, even 'when they are well-enough pleaſed with the object, 'and reſolve (if they ever reſolve at all) to make him 'a very pitiful amends in the end. But a fixed diſ-'like, as I am afraid this is, will rather gather 'ſtrength, than be conquered by time. Beſides, my 'dear, I have another apprehenſion which you muſt 'excuſe. I am afraid this paſſion which you have 'for this fine young creature, hath her beautiful per-'ſon too much for its object, and is unworthy of the 'name of that love, which is the only foundation of 'matrimonial felicity. To admire, to like, and to 'long for the poſſeſſion of a beautiful woman, with-'out any regard to her ſentiments towards us, is, I 'am afraid, too natural: But love, I believe, is the 'child of love only; at leaſt, I am pretty confident, 'that to love the creature who we are aſſured hates 'us, is not in human nature. Examine your heart, 'therefore, thoroughly, my good boy, and if, upon 'examination, you have but the leaſt ſuſpicion of this 'kind, I am ſure your own virtue and religion will

'impel you to drive ſo vicious a paſſion from your 'heart, and your good ſenſe will ſoon enable you to 'do it without pain.'

The reader may pretty well gueſs Blifil's anſwer; but if he ſhould be at a loſs, we are not, at preſent, at leiſure to ſatisfy him, as our hiſtory now haſtens on to matters of higher importance, and we can no longer bear to be abſent from Sophia.

CHAP. IV.

An extraordinary ſcene between Sophia and her aunt.

THE lowing heifer, and the bleating ewe, in herds and flocks, may ramble ſafe and unregarded through the paſtures. Theſe are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the prey of man; yet many years are they ſuffered to enjoy their liberty undiſturbed. But if a plump doe be diſcovered to have eſcaped from the foreſt, and to repoſe herſelf in ſome field or grove, the whole pariſh is preſently alarmed, every man is ready to ſet his dogs after her; and if ſhe is preſerved from the reſt by the good Squire, it is only that he may ſecure her for his own eating.

I have often conſidered a very fine young woman of fortune and faſhion, when firſt found ſtrayed from the pale of her nurſery, to be in pretty much the ſame ſituation with this doe. The town is immediately in an uproar, ſhe is hunted from park to play, from court to aſſembly, from aſſembly to her own chamber, and rarely eſcapes a ſingle ſeaſon from the jaws of ſome devourer or other: for if her friends protect her from ſome, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chuſing, often more diſagreeable to her than any of the reſt: while whole herds or flocks of other women ſecurely, and ſcarce regarded, traverſe the park, the play, the opera, and the aſſembly; and though, for the moſt part at leaſt, they are at laſt devoured, yet for a long time do they wanton in liberty, without diſturbance or controul.

Of

Of all theſe paragons, none ever taſted more of this perſecution than poor Sophia. Her ill ſtars were not contented with all that ſhe had ſuffered on account of Blifil, they now raiſed her another purſuer, who ſeemed likely to torment her no leſs than the other had done. For though her aunt was leſs violent, ſhe was no leſs aſſiduous in teazing her, than her father had been before.

The ſervants were no ſooner departed after dinner, than Mrs. Weſtern, who had opened the matter to Sophia, informed her, 'that ſhe expected his lordſhip 'that very afternoon, and intended to take the firſt 'opportunity of leaving her alone with him.' 'If 'you do, madam,' anſwered Sophia, with ſome ſpi-'rit, 'I ſhall take the firſt opportunity of leaving 'him by himſelf.' 'How, madam!' cries the aunt, 'is this the return you make me for my kindneſs, in 'relieving you from your confinement at your fa-'ther's?' "You know, madam,' ſays Sophia, 'the 'cauſe of that confinement was a refuſal to comply 'with my father, in accepting a man I deteſted; and 'will my dear aunt, who hath relieved me from that 'diſtreſs, involve me in another equally bad?' "And do you think then, madam, anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, "that there is no difference between my lord Fella-'mar and Mr. Blifil?' "Very little in my opinion," cries Sophia; 'and if I muſt be condemned to one, I 'would certainly have the merit of ſacrificing myſelf "to my father's pleaſure.' "Then my pleaſure, I find,' ſaid the aunt, "hath very little weight with you; but "that conſideration ſhall not move me. I act from "nobler motives. The view of aggrandizing my fa-"mily, of ennobling yourſelf, is what I proceed upon. "Have you no ſenſe of ambition? are there no charms 'in the thoughts of having a coronet on your coach?' "None, upon my honour,' ſaid Sophia. 'A pincu-"ſhion upon my coach would pleaſe me juſt as well.' "Never mention honour,' cries the aunt. 'It becomes 'not the mouth of ſuch a wretch. I am ſorry,

'niece, you force me to uſe theſe words; but I cannot bear your groveling temper; you have none of the blood of the Weſterns in you. But however mean and baſe your own ideas are, you ſhall bring no imputation on mine. I will never ſuffer the world to ſay of me, that I encourage you in refuſing one of the beſt matches in England; a match which beſides its advantage in fortune, would do honour to almoſt any family, and hath indeed, in title the advantage of ours.' 'Surely,' ſays Sophia, 'I am born deficient, and have not the ſenſes with which other people are bleſſed: there muſt be certainly ſome ſenſe which can reliſh the delights of ſound and ſhow, which I have not: for ſurely mankind would not labour ſo much, nor ſacrifice ſo much for the obtaining, nor would they be ſo elate and proud with poſſeſſing, what appeared to them, as it doth to me, the moſt inſignificant of all trifles.'

'No, no, miſs;' cries the aunt; 'you are born with as many ſenſes as other people; but I aſſure you, you are not born with a ſufficient underſtanding to make a fool of me, or to expoſe my conduct to the world. So I declare this to you upon my word, and you know, I believe, how fixed my reſolutions are, unleſs you agree to ſee his lordſhip this afternoon, I will, with my own hands, deliver you to-morrow morning to my brother, and will never henceforth interfere with you, nor ſee your face again.' Sophia ſtood a few moments ſilent after this ſpeech, which was uttered in a moſt angry and peremptory tone; and then burſting into tears, ſhe cried, 'Do with me, madam, whatever you pleaſe; I am the moſt miſerable undone wretch upon earth; if my dear aunt forſakes me, where ſhall I look for a protector?'——'My dear niece,' cries ſhe, 'you will have a very good protector in his lordſhip; a protector, whom nothing but a hankering after that vile fellow Jones can make you decline.' 'Indeed, madam,' ſaid Sophia,

'you

'you wrong me. How can you imagine, after what 'you have ſhewn me, if I had ever any ſuch thoughts, 'that I ſhould not baniſh them for ever. If it will 'ſatisfy you, I will receive the ſacrament upon it, 'never to ſee his face again.'—'But child, dear 'child,' ſaid the aunt, 'be reaſonable: can you in-'vent a ſingle objection?'——'I have already, I 'think, told you a ſufficient objection,' anſwered Sophia.———'What,' cries the aunt; 'I remember 'none.' Sure, madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'I told you 'he had uſed me in the rudeſt and vileſt manner.' 'Indeed, child,' anſwered ſhe, 'I never heard you, 'or did not underſtand you:—But what do you 'mean by this rude and vile manner?' 'Indeed, 'madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'I am almoſt aſhamed to 'tell you. He caught me in his arms, pulled me 'down upon the ſettee, and thruſt his hand into my 'boſom, and kiſſed it with ſuch violence, that I have 'the mark upon my left breaſt at this moment.—— 'Indeed!' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern.' 'Yes indeed, ma-'dam,' anſwered Sophia; 'my father luckily came 'in at that inſtant, or heaven knows what rudeneſs 'he intended to have proceeded to.' 'I am aſto-'niſhed and confounded,' cries the aunt. 'No 'woman of the name of Weſtern hath been ever 'treated ſo, ſince we were a family. I would have 'torn the eyes of a prince out, if he had attempted 'ſuch freedoms with me. It is impoſſible: ſure, 'Sophia, you muſt invent this to raiſe my indigna-'tion againſt him.' 'I hope, madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'you have too good an opinion of me, to imagine 'me capable of telling an untruth. Upon my ſoul 'it is true.' 'I ſhould have ſtabbed him to the 'heart had I been preſent,' returned the aunt. 'Yet 'ſurely he could have no diſhonourable deſign: it 'is impoſſible; he durſt not: beſides, his propoſals 'ſhew he had not; for they are not only honourable 'but generous. I don't know; the age allows too 'great freedoms. A diſtant ſalute is all I would

'have

'have allowed before the ceremony. I have had lo'
'vers formerly, not so long ago neither; several lo'
'vers, though I never would consent to marriage,
'and I never encouraged the least freedom. It is a
'foolish custom, and what I never would agree to.
'No man kissed more of me than my cheek. It is
'as much as one can bring one's self to give lips up
'to a husband; and, indeed, could I ever have been
'persuaded to marry, I believe I should not have
'soon been brought to endure so much.' 'You
'will pardon me, dear madam,' said Sophia, 'if I
'make one observation: you own you have had
'many lovers, and the world knows it, even if you
'should deny it. You refused them all, and I am
'convinced one coronet at least among them.' 'You
'say true, dear Sophy,' answered she; 'I had once
'the offer of a title.' 'Why then,' said Sophia,
'will you not suffer me to refuse this once?' 'It
'is true, child,' said she, 'I have refused the offer
'of a title; but it was not so good an offer; that is,
'not so very, very good an offer.'——'Yes, ma-
'dam,' said Sophia; 'but you have had very great
'proposals from men of vast fortunes. It was not
'the first, nor the second, nor the third advantageous
'match that offered itself.' 'I own it was not,'
said she. 'Well, madam,' continued Sophia, 'and
'why may not I expect to have a second perhaps
'better than this? You are now but a young wo-
'man, and I am convinced would not promise to
'yield to the first lover of fortune, nay, or of title
'too. I am a very young woman, and sure I need
'not despair.' 'Well, my dear, dear Sophy,' cries
the aunt, 'what would you have me say?' 'Why I
'only beg that I may not be left alone, at least this
'evening: grant me that, and I will submit, if you
'think, after what is past, I ought to see him in your
'company.' 'Well, I will grant it,' cries the aunt.
'Sophy, you know I love you, and can deny you
'nothing. You know the easiness of my nature; I
'have

'have not always been so easy. I have been formerly thought cruel; by the men I mean. I was called the cruel Partheniſſa. I have broke many a window that has had verſes to the cruel Partheniſſa in it. Sophy, I was never ſo handſome as you, and yet I had ſomething of you formerly. I am a little altered. Kingdoms and ſtates, as Tully Cicero ſays in his epiſtles, undergo alteration, and ſo muſt the human form.' Thus run ſhe on for near half an hour upon herſelf, and her conqueſts and her cruelty, till the arrival of my lord, who, after a moſt tedious viſit, during which Mrs. Weſtern never once offered to leave the room, retired, not much more ſatisfied with the aunt than with the niece. For Sophia had brought her aunt into ſo excellent a temper, that ſhe conſented to almoſt every thing her niece ſaid; and agreed, that a little diſtant behaviour might not be improper to ſo forward a lover.

Thus Sophia, by a little well-directed flattery, for which ſurely none will blame her, obtained a little eaſe for herſelf, and at leaſt put off the evil day. And now we have ſeen our heroine in a better ſituation than ſhe hath been for a long time before, we will look a little after Mr. Jones, whom we left in the moſt deplorable ſituation that can well be imagined.

CHAP. V.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale viſit Jones in the priſon.

WHEN Mr. Allworthy and his nephew went to meet Mr. Weſtern, Mrs. Miller ſet forward to her ſon-in-law's lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the accident which had befallen his friend Jones; but he had known it long before from Partridge, (for Jones, when he left Mrs. Miller, had been furniſhed with a room in the ſame houſe with Mr. Nightingale.) The good woman found her daughter under great affliction on account of Mr. Jones, whom having comforted as well as ſhe could, ſhe ſet forward to

the

the Gate-houſe, where ſhe heard he was, and where Mr. Nightingale was arrived before her.

The firmneſs and conſtancy of a true friend is a circumſtance ſo extremely delightful to perſons in any kind of diſtreſs, that the diſtreſs itſelf, if it be only temporary, and admits of relief, is more than compenſated by bringing this comfort with it. Nor are inſtances of this kind ſo rare, as ſome ſuperficial and inaccurate obſervers have reported. To ſay the truth, want of compaſſion is not to be numbered among our general faults. The black ingredient which fouls our diſpoſition is envy. Hence our eye is ſeldom, I am afraid, turned upwards to thoſe who are manifeſtly greater, better, wiſer, or happier than ourſelves, without ſome degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the mean and miſerable with ſufficient benevolence and pity. In fact, I have remarked, that moſt of the defects which have diſcovered themſelves in the friendſhips within my obſervation, have ariſen from envy only; a helliſh vice; and yet one from which I have known very few abſolutely exempt. But enough of a ſubject which, if purſued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was that Fortune was apprehenſive leſt Jones ſhould ſink under the weight of his adverſity, and that ſhe might thus loſe any future opportunity of tormenting him; or whether ſhe really abated ſomewhat of her ſeverity towards him, ſhe ſeemed a little to relax her perſecution, by ſending him the company of two ſuch faithful friends, and what is perhaps more rare, a faithful ſervant. For Partridge, though he had many imperfections, wanted not fidelity; and though fear would not ſuffer him to be hanged for his maſter, yet the world, I believe, could not have bribed him to deſert his cauſe.

While Jones was expreſſing great ſatisfaction in the preſence of his friends, Partridge brought an account, that Mr. Fitzpatrick was ſtill alive, though the ſurgeon declared that he had very little hopes. Upon which

which Jones fetching a deep ſigh, Nightingale ſaid to him; 'My dear Tom, why ſhould you afflict 'yourſelf ſo upon an accident, which, whatever be 'the conſequence, can be attended with no danger to 'you; and in which your conſcience cannot accuſe 'you of having been in the leaſt to blame. If the 'fellow ſhould die, what have you done more than 'taken away the life of a ruffian in your own de-'fence? So will the coroner's inqueſt certainly find 'it; and then you will be eaſily admitted to bail: 'and though you muſt undergo the form of a trial, 'yet it is a trial which many men would ſtand for 'you for a ſhilling.' 'Come, come, Mr. Jones,' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'cheer yourſelf up. I knew you 'could not be the aggreſſor, and ſo I told Mr. All-'worthy, and ſo he ſhall acknowledge too before I 'have done with him.'

Jones gravely anſwered, 'That whatever might be 'his fate, he ſhould always lament the having ſhed 'the blood of one of his fellow-creatures, as one of 'the higheſt misfortunes which could have befallen 'him. But I have another misfortune of the tender-'eſt kind.—O! Mrs. Miller, I have loſt what I held 'moſt dear upon earth.' 'That muſt be a miſtreſs,' ſaid Mrs. Miller: 'But come, come; I know more 'than you imagine;' (for indeed Partridge had blabbed all) 'and I have heard more than you know. 'Matters go better, I promiſe you, than you think; 'and I would not give Blifil ſixpence for all the 'chance which he hath of the lady.'

'Indeed, my dear friend, indeed,' anſwered Jones, 'you are an entire ſtranger to the cauſe of my grief. 'If you was acquainted with the ſtory, you would 'allow my caſe admitted of no comfort. I appre-'hend no danger from Blifil. I have undone my-'ſelf.' 'Don't deſpair,' replied Mrs. Miller; 'you 'know not what a woman can do, and if any thing 'be in my power, I promiſe you I will do it to ſerve 'you. It is my duty. My ſon, my dear Mr. Night-

'ingale,

'ingale, who is so kind to tell me he hath obliga-
'tions to you on the same account, knows it is my
'duty. Shall I go to the lady myself? I will say
'any thing to her you would have me say.'

'Thou best of women,' cries Jones, taking her by the hand, 'talk not of obligations to me;—but, as 'you have been so kind to mention it, there is a fa-'vour which, perhaps, may be in your power. I 'see you are acquainted with the lady, (how you 'came by your information I know not) who sits in-'deed very near my heart. If you could contrive to 'deliver this, (giving her a paper from his pocket) I 'shall for ever acknowledge your goodness.'

'Give it me,' said Mrs Miller. 'If I see it not 'in her own possession before I sleep, may my next 'sleep be my last. Comfort yourself, my good young 'man; be wise enough to take warning from past fol-'lies, and I warrant all shall be well; and I shall yet 'see you happy with the most charming young lady in 'the world; for so I hear from every one she is.'

'Believe me, madam,' said he, 'I do not speak 'the common cant of one in my unhappy situation. 'Before this dreadful accident happened, I had re-'solved to quit a life of which I was become sensible 'of the wickedness as well as folly. I do assure you, 'notwithstanding the disturbances I have unfortunate-'ly occasioned in your house, for which I heartily 'ask your pardon, I am not an abandoned profligate. 'Though I have been hurried into vices, I do not 'approve a vicious character; nor will I ever, from 'this moment, deserve it.

Mrs. Miller expressed great satisfaction in these declarations, in the sincerity of which she averred she had an entire faith: and now, the remainder of the conversation past in the joint attempts of that good woman and Nightingale, to cheer the dejected spirits of Mr. Jones, in which they so far succeeded, as to leave him much better comforted and satisfied than they found him; to which happy alteration nothing

so

ſo much contributed as the kind undertaking of Mrs. Miller, to deliver his letter to Sophia, which he deſpaired of finding any means to accompliſh: for when Black George produced the laſt from Sophia, he informed Partridge, that ſhe had ſtrictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her father, not to bring her any anſwer. He was moreover not a little pleaſed, to find he had ſo warm an advocate to Mr. Allworthy himſelf in this good woman, who was in reality one of the worthieſt creatures in the world.

After about an hour's viſit from the lady, (for Nightingale had been with him much longer) they both took their leave, promiſing to return to him ſoon; during which Mrs. Miller ſaid, ſhe hoped to bring him ſome good news from his miſtreſs, and Mr. Nightingale promiſed to enquire into the ſtate of Mr. Fitzpatrick's wound, and likewiſe to find out ſome of the perſons who were preſent at the rencounter.

The former of theſe went directly in queſt of Sophia, whither we likewiſe ſhall now attend her.

CHAP. VI.

In which Mrs. Miller pays a viſit to Sophia.

ACCESS to the young lady was by no means difficult; for as ſhe lived now on a perfect friendly footing with her aunt, ſhe was at full liberty to receive what viſitants ſhe pleaſed.

Sophia was dreſſing, when ſhe was acquainted that there was a gentlewoman below to wait on her: as ſhe was neither afraid nor aſhamed to ſee any of her own ſex, Mrs. Miller was immediately admitted.

Curt'ſies, and the uſual ceremonials between women who are ſtrangers to each other, being paſt, Sophia ſaid, 'I have not the pleaſure to know you, 'madam.' 'No, madam,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'and I muſt beg pardon for intruding upon you.

'But

'But when you know what has induced me to give 'you this trouble, I hope'—'Pray, what is your bu- 'sineſs, madam?' ſaid Sophia, with a little emotion. 'Madam, we are not alone,' replied Mrs. Miller, in a low voice. 'Go out, Betty,' ſaid Sophia.

When Betty was departed, Mrs. Miller ſaid, 'I was 'deſired, madam, by a very unhappy young gentle- 'man, to deliver you this letter.' Sophia changed colour when ſhe ſaw the direction, well knowing the hand, and after ſome heſitation, ſaid,—'I could not 'conceive, madam, from your appearance, that your 'buſineſs had been of ſuch a nature.—Whomever you 'brought this letter from, I ſhall not open it. I ſhould 'be ſorry to entertain an unjuſt ſuſpicion of any one; 'but you are an utter ſtranger to me.'

'If you will have patience, madam,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'I will acquaint you who I am, and 'how I came by that letter.' 'I have no curioſity, 'madam, to know any thing,' cries Sophia, 'but I 'muſt inſiſt on your delivering that letter back to the 'perſon who gave it you.'

Mrs. Miller then fell upon her knees, and in the moſt paſſionate terms, implored her compaſſion; to which Sophia anſwered: 'Sure, madam, it is ſur- 'priſing you ſhould be ſo very ſtrongly intereſted in 'the behalf of this perſon. I would not think, ma- 'dam,'—'No, madam,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'you 'ſhall not think any thing but the truth. I will tell 'you all, and you will not wonder that I am inter- 'eſted. He is the beſt natured creature that ever was 'born.'—She then began and related the ſtory of Mr. Henderſon—After this ſhe cried, 'This, madam, this 'is his goodneſs; but I have much more tender ob- 'ligations to him. He hath preſerved my child.'—Here, after ſhedding ſome tears, ſhe related every thing concerning that fact, ſuppreſſing only thoſe cir- cumſtances which would moſt have reflected on her daughter, and concluded with ſaying, 'Now, madam, 'you ſhall judge whether I can ever do enough for ſo

'kind

'kind, ſo good, ſo generous a young man; and ſure 'he is the beſt and worthieſt of all human beings.'

The alterations in the countenance of Sophia had hitherto been chiefly to her diſadvantage, and had inclined her complexion to too great paleneſs; but ſhe now waxed redder, if poſſible, than vermilion, and cried, 'I know not what to ſay; certainly what ariſes 'from gratitude cannot be blamed.—But what ſer-'vice can my reading this letter do your friend, ſince 'I am reſolved never'—Mrs. Miller fell again to her entreaties, and begged to be forgiven, but ſhe could not, ſhe ſaid, carry it back. 'Well, madam,' ſays Sophia, 'I cannot help it, if you will force it upon 'me.—Certainly you may leave it whether I will 'or no.'—What Sophia meant, or whether ſhe meant any thing, I will not preſume to determine; but Mrs. Miller actually underſtood this as a hint, and preſently laying the letter down on the table, took her leave, having firſt begged permiſſion to wait again on Sophia; which requeſt had neither aſſent nor denial.

The letter lay upon the table no longer than till Mrs. Miller was out of ſight; for then Sophia opened and read it.

This letter did very little ſervice to his cauſe; for it conſiſted of little more than confeſſions of his own unworthineſs, and bitter lamentations of deſpair, together with the moſt ſolemn proteſtations of his unalterable fidelity to Sophia, of which, he ſaid, he hoped to convince her, if he had ever more the honour of being admitted to her preſence; and that he could account for the letter to lady Bellaſton in ſuch a manner, that though it would not entitle him to her forgiveneſs, he hoped at leaſt to obtain it from her mercy. And concluded with vowing, that nothing was ever leſs in his thoughts than to marry lady Bellaſton.

Though Sophia read the letter twice over with great attention, his meaning ſtill remained a riddle to her; nor could her invention ſuggeſt to her any means to excuſe Jones. She certainly remained very angry with

with him, though indeed lady Bellaſton took up ſo much of her reſentment, that her gentle mind had but little left to beſtow on any other perſon.

That lady was moſt unluckily to dine this very day with her aunt Weſtern, and in the afternoon, they were all three, by appointment, to go together to the opera, and thence to lady Thomas Hatchet's drum. Sophia would have gladly been excuſed from all, but ſhe would not diſoblige her aunt; and as to the arts of counterfeiting illneſs, ſhe was ſo entirely a ſtranger to them, that it never once entered into her head. When ſhe was dreſt, therefore, down ſhe went, reſolved to encounter all the horrors of the day, and a moſt diſagreeable one it proved; for lady Bellaſton took every opportunity very civilly and ſlily to inſult her; to all which her dejection of ſpirits diſabled her from making any return; and indeed, to confeſs the truth, ſhe was at the very beſt but an indifferent miſtreſs of repartee.

Another misfortune which befel poor Sophia, was the company of lord Fellamar, whom ſhe met at the opera, and who attended her to the drum. And tho' both places were too public to admit of any particularities, and ſhe was farther relieved by the muſic at the one place, and by the cards at the other, ſhe could not however enjoy herſelf in his company: for there is ſomething of delicacy in women, which will not ſuffer them to be even eaſy in the preſence of a man whom they know to have pretenſions to them, which they are diſinclined to favour.

Having in this chapter twice mentioned a drum, a word which our poſterity, it is hoped, will not underſtand in the ſenſe it is here applied, we ſhall, notwithſtanding our preſent haſte, ſtop a moment to deſcribe the entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a moment deſcribe it.

A drum then, is an aſſembly of well-dreſſed perſons of both ſexes, moſt of whom play at cards, and the reſt do nothing at all; while the miſtreſs of the

houſe

houſe performs the part of the landlady at an inn, and like the landlady of an inn prides herſelf in the number of her gueſts, though ſhe doth not always, like her, get any thing by it.

No wonder then, as ſo much ſpirits muſt be required to ſupport any vivacity in theſe ſcenes of dullneſs, that we hear perſons of faſhion eternally complaining of the want of them; a complaint confined entirely to upper life. How inſupportable muſt we imagine this round of impertinence to have been to Sophia at this time! how difficult muſt ſhe have found it to force the appearance of gaiety into her looks, when her mind dictated nothing but the tendereſt ſorrow, and when every thought was charged with tormenting ideas!

Night, however, at laſt, reſtored her to her pillow, where we will leave her to ſoothe her melancholy at leaſt, though incapable we fear of reſt, and ſhall purſue our hiſtory, which ſomething whiſpers us, is now arrived at the eve of ſome great event.

CHAP. VII.

A pathetic ſcene between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller.

MRS. Miller had a long diſcourſe with Mr. Allworthy, at his return from dinner, in which ſhe acquainted him with Jones's having unfortunately loſt all which he was pleaſed to beſtow on him at their ſeparation; and with the diſtreſſes to which that loſs had ſubjected him; of all which ſhe had received a full account from the faithful retailer Partridge. She then explained the obligations ſhe had to Jones; not that ſhe was entirely explicit with regard to her daughter: for though ſhe had the utmoſt confidence in Mr. Allworthy, and though there could be no hopes of keeping an affair ſecret, which was unhappily known to more than half a dozen; yet ſhe could not prevail with herſelf to mention thoſe circumſtances which reflected moſt on the chaſtity of poor Nancy; but ſmothered

ed that part of her evidence as cautiously as if she had been before a judge, and the girl was now on her trial for the murder of a bastard.

Allworthy said, there were few characters so absolutely vicious as not to have the least mixture of good in them. , However,' says he, 'I cannot deny but 'that you had some obligations to the fellow, bad as 'he is, and I shall therefore excuse what hath past already, but must insist you never mention his name 'to me more; for I promise you, it was upon the 'fullest and plainest evidence that I resolved to take 'the measures I have taken.' 'Well, sir,' says she, 'I make not the least doubt, but time will shew all 'matters in their true and natural colours, and that 'you will be convinced this poor young man deserves 'better of you than some other folks that shall be 'nameless.'

'Madam,' cries Allworthy, a little ruffled, 'I 'will not hear any reflections on my nephew; and 'if you ever say a word more of that kind, I will 'depart from your house that instant. He is the 'worthiest and best of men; and I once more repeat 'it to you, he hath carried his friendship to this man 'to a blameable length, by too long concealing facts 'of the blackest die. The ingratitude of the wretch 'to this good young man is what I most resent: for, 'madam, I have the greatest reason to imagine he 'had laid a plot to supplant my nephew in my favour, and to have disinherited him.'

'I am sure, sir,' answered Mrs. Miller, a little frightened (for though Mr. Allworthy had the utmost sweetness and benevolence in his smiles, he had great terror in his frowns) 'I shall never speak against any 'gentleman you are pleased to think well of. I am 'sure, sir, such behaviour would very little become 'me, especially when the gentleman is your nearest 'relation; but, sir, you must not be angry with me, 'you must not indeed, for my good wishes to this 'poor wretch. Sure I may call him so now, though

'once

'once you would have been angry with me, if I had 'ſpoke of him with the leaſt diſreſpect. How often 'have I heard you call him your ſon? How often 'have you prattled to me of him, with all the fond-'neſs of a parent? Nay, ſir, I cannot forget the 'many tender expreſſions, the many good things you 'have told me of his beauty and his parts, and his 'virtues; of his good-nature and generoſity.—I am 'ſure, ſir, I cannot forget them; for I find them all 'true. I have experienced them in my own cauſe. 'They have preſerved my family. You muſt pardon 'my tears, ſir, inded you muſt, when I conſider the 'cruel reverſe of fortune which this poor youth, to 'whom I am ſo much obliged, hath ſuffered: when 'I conſider the loſs of your favour, which I know 'he valued more than his life, I muſt, I muſt lament 'him. If you had a dagger in your hand, ready to 'plunge into my heart, I muſt lament the miſery 'of one whom you have loved, and I ſhall ever 'love.'

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this ſpeech, but it ſeemed not to be with anger: for after a ſhort ſilence, taking Mrs. Miller by the hand, he ſaid very affectionately to her: 'Come, madam, let 'us conſider a little about your daughter. I cannot 'blame you, for rejoicing in a match which promiſes 'to be advantageous to her; but you know this ad-'vantage, in a great meaſure, depends on the father's 'reconciliation. I know Mr. Nightingale very well, 'and have formerly had concerns with him; I will 'make him a viſit, and endeavour to ſerve you in 'this matter. I believe he is a worldly man: but 'as this is an only ſon, and the thing is now irre-'trieveable, perhaps he may in time be brought 'to reaſon. I promiſe you I will do all I can for 'you.'

Many were the acknowledgements which the poor woman made to Allworthy, for this kind and generous offer; nor could ſhe refrain from taking this

occaſion again to expreſs her gratitude towards Jones, 'to whom,' ſaid ſhe, 'I owe the opportunity of 'giving you, ſir, this preſent trouble.' Allworthy gently ſtopped her; but he was too good a man to be really offended with the effects of ſo noble a principle as now actuated Mrs. Miller; and indeed had not this new affair inflamed his former anger againſt Jones, it is poſſible he might have been a little ſoftened towards him, by the report of an action which malice itſelf could not have derived from an evil motive.

Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller had been above an hour together, when their converſation was put an end to, by the arrival of Blifil and another perſon, which other perſon was no leſs than Mr. Dowling the attorney, who was now become a great favourite with Mr. Blifil, and whom Mr. Allworthy, at the deſire of his nephew, had made his ſteward; and had likewiſe recommended him to Mr. Weſtern, from whom the attorney received a promiſe of being promoted to the ſame office upon the firſt vacancy; and in the mean time, was employed in a tranſacting ſome affairs which the ſquire then had in London, in relation to a mortgage.

This was the principal affair which then brought Mr. Dowling to town; therefore he took the ſame opportunity to charge himſelf with ſome money for Mr. Allworthy, and to make a report to him of ſome other buſineſs; in all which, as it was of much too dull a nature to find any place in this hiſtory, we will leave the uncle, nephew, and their lawyer concerned, and reſort to other matters.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing various matters.

BEFORE we return to Mr. Jones, we will take one more view of Sophia.

Though that young lady had brought her aunt into great

great good-humour by thoſe ſoothing methods, which we have before related, ſhe had not brought her in the leaſt to abate of her zeal for the match with lord Fellamar. This zeal was now inflamed by lady Bellaſton, who had told her the preceding evening, that ſhe was well ſatisfied from the conduct of Sophia, and from her carriage to his lordſhip, that all delays would be dangerous, and that the only way to ſucceed, was to preſs the match forward with ſuch rapidity, that the young lady ſhould have no time to reflect; and be obliged to conſent, while ſhe ſcarce knew what ſhe did. In which manner, ſhe ſaid, one half of the marriages among people of condition were brought about. A fact very probably true, and to which I ſuppoſe is owing the mutual tenderneſs which afterwards exiſts among ſo many happy couples.

A hint of the ſame kind was given by the ſame lady to lord Fellamar; and both theſe ſo readily embraced the advice, that the very next day was, at his lordſhip's requeſt, appointed by Mrs. Weſtern for a private interview between the young parties. This was communicated to Sophia by her aunt, and inſiſted upon in ſuch high terms, that after having urged every thing ſhe poſſibly could invent againſt it, without the leaſt effect, ſhe at laſt agreed to give the higheſt inſtance of complaiſance which any young lady can give, and conſented to ſee his lordſhip.

As converſations of this kind afford no great entertainment, we ſhall be excuſed from reciting the whole that paſt at this interview; in which, after his lordſhip had made many declarations of the moſt pure and ardent paſſion, to the ſilent, bluſhing Sophia; ſhe at laſt collected all the ſpirits ſhe could raiſe, and with a trembling low voice, ſaid, 'My lord, you 'muſt be yourſelf conſcious whether your former 'behaviour to me hath been conſiſtent with the pro'feſſions you now make.'—'Is there,' anſwered he, 'no way by which I can atone for madneſs? What

'I did, I am afraid, muſt have too plainly convinced 'you that the violence of love had deprived me of my 'ſenſes.'—'Indeed, my lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is in 'your power to give me a proof of an affection 'which I much rather wiſh to encourage, and to 'which I ſhould think myſelf more beholden.'—— 'Name it, madam,' ſaid my lord, very warmly.— 'My lord,' ſays ſhe, looking down upon her fan, 'I know you muſt be ſenſible how uneaſy this pre-'tended paſſion of yours hath made me.'—'Can you 'be ſo cruel to call it pretended?' ſays he. 'Yes, 'my lord,' anſwered Sophia, 'all profeſſions of love 'to thoſe whom we perſecute, are moſt inſulting 'pretences. This purſuit of yours is to me a moſt 'cruel perſecution; nay, it is taking a moſt ungene-'rous advantage of my unhappy ſituation.'—'Moſt 'lovely, moſt adorable charmer, do not accuſe me,' cries he, 'of taking an ungenerous advantage, while 'I have no thoughts but what are directed to your 'honour and intereſt, and while I have no view, no 'hope, no ambition but to throw myſelf, honour, 'fortune, every thing at your feet.'—'My lord,' ſays ſhe, 'it is that fortune, and thoſe honours, which 'give you the advantage of which I complain. Theſe 'are the charms which have ſeduced my relations 'but to me they are things indifferent. If your lord-'ſhip will merit my gratitude, there is but one way.' —'Pardon me, divine creature,' ſaid he, 'there can 'be none. All I can do for you is ſo much your 'due, and will give me ſo much pleaſure, that there 'is no room for your gratitude.'—'Indeed, my lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'you may obtain my gratitude, my 'good opinion, every kind thought and wiſh which 'it is in my power to beſtow; nay, you may obtain 'them with eaſe; for ſure to a generous mind it 'muſt be eaſy to grant my requeſt. Let me beſeech 'you then, to ceaſe a purſuit, in which you can 'never have any ſucceſs. For your own ſake as well 'as mine, I entreat this favour; for ſure you are too

'noble

'noble to have any pleaſure in tormenting an un-
'happy creature. What can your lordſhip propoſe
'but uneaſineſs to yourſelf, by a perſeverance, which,
'upon my honour, upon my ſoul, cannot, ſhall not
'prevail with me, whatever diſtreſſes you may drive
'me to.' Here my lord fetched a deep ſigh, and then ſaid—'Is it then, madam, that I am ſo unhappy to
'be the object of your diſlike and ſcorn? or will you
'pardon me if I ſuſpect there is ſome other?' Here he heſitated, and Sophia anſwered with ſome ſpirit,
'My lord, I ſhall not be accountable to you for the
'reaſons of my conduct. I am obliged to your lord-
'ſhip for the generous offer you have made: I own
'it is beyond either my deſerts or expectations; yet
'I hope, my lord, you will not inſiſt on my reaſons,
'when I declare I cannot accept it.' Lord Fellamar returned much to this, which we do not perfectly underſtand, and perhaps it could not all be ſtrictly reconciled either to ſenſe or grammar; but he concluded his ranting ſpeech with ſaying, 'That if ſhe
'had pre-engaged herſelf to any gentleman, however
'unhappy it would make him, he ſhould think him-
'ſelf bound in honour to deſiſt' Perhaps my lord laid too much emphaſis on the word gentleman; for we cannot elſe well account for the indignation with which he inſpired Sophia, who, in her anſwer, ſeemed greatly to reſent ſome affront he had given her.

While ſhe was ſpeaking, with her voice more raiſed than uſual, Mrs. Weſtern came into the room, the fire glaring in her cheeks, and the flames burſting from her eyes. 'I am aſhamed,' ſays ſhe, 'my lord
'of the reception which you have met with. I aſſure
'your lordſhip we are all ſenſible of the honour done
'us; and I muſt tell you, Miſs Weſtern, the family
'expect a different behaviour from you.' Here my lord interfered on behalf of the young lady, but to no purpoſe; the aunt proceeded till Sophia pulled out her handkerchief, threw herſelf into a chair, and burſt into a violent fit of tears.

The remainder of the converſation between Mrs. Weſtern and his lordſhip, till the latter withdrew, conſiſted of bitter lamentations on his ſide, and on hers of the ſtrongeſt aſſurances that her niece ſhould and would conſent to all he wiſhed. 'Indeed, my lord,' ſays ſhe, 'the girl hath had a 'fooliſh education, neither adapted to her fortune nor 'her family. Her father, I am ſorry to ſay it, is to 'blame for every thing. The girl hath ſilly country 'notions of baſhfulneſs. Nothing elſe my lord, 'upon my honour; I am convinced ſhe hath a good 'underſtanding at the bottom, and will be brought 'to reaſon.'

This laſt ſpeech was made in the abſence of Sophia; for ſhe had ſome time before left the room, with more appearance of paſſion than ſhe had ever ſhewn on any occaſion; and now his lordſhip, after many expreſſions of thanks to Mrs. Weſtern, many ardent profeſſions of paſſion which nothing could conquer, and many aſſurances of perſeverance, which Mrs. Weſtern highly encouraged, took his leave for this time.

Before we relate what now paſſed between Mrs. Weſtern and Sophia, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate accident which had happened, and which had occaſioned the return of Mrs. Weſtern with ſo much fury, as we have ſeen.

The reader then muſt know, that the maid who at preſent attended on Sophia, was recommended by lady Bellaſton, with whom ſhe had lived for ſome time in the capacity of a comb-bruſh; ſhe was a very ſenſible girl, and had received the ſtricteſt inſtructions to watch her young lady very carefully. Theſe inſtructions, we are ſorry to ſay, were communicated to her by Mrs. Honour, into whoſe favour lady Bellaſton had now ſo ingratiated herſelf, that the violent affection which the good waiting-woman had formerly borne to Sophia, was entirely obliterated by that great attachment which ſhe had to her new miſtreſs.

Now

Now when Mrs Miller was departed, Betty, (for that was the name of the girl) returning to her young lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long letter, and the viſible emotions which ſhe betrayed on that occaſion, might have well accounted for ſome ſuſpicions which the girl entertained; but indeed they had yet a ſtronger foundation, for ſhe had overheard the whole ſcene which paſſed between Sophia and Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. Weſtern was acquainted with all this matter by Betty, who, after receiving many commendations, and ſome rewards for her fidelity, was ordered, that if the woman who brought the letter, came again, ſhe ſhould introduce her to Mrs. Weſtern herſelf.

Unluckily Mrs. Miller returned at the very time when Sophia was engaged with his lordſhip. Betty, according to order, ſent her directly to the aunt; who being miſtreſs of ſo many circumſtances relating to what had paſt the day before, eaſily impoſed upon the poor woman to believe that Sophia had communicated the whole affair; and ſo pumped every thing out of her which ſhe knew, relating to the letter, and relating to Jones.

This poor creature might indeed be called ſimplicity itſelf. She was one of that order of mortals, who are apt to believe every thing which is ſaid to them: to whom nature neither indulged the offenſive nor defenſive weapons of deceit, and who are conſtantly liable to be impoſed upon by any one, who will only be at the expence of a little falſehood for that purpoſe. Mrs. Weſtern having drained Mrs. Miller of all ſhe knew, which indeed was but little, but which was ſufficient to make the aunt ſuſpect a great deal, diſmiſſed her with aſſurances that Sophia would not ſee her, that ſhe would ſend no anſwer to the letter, nor ever receive another; nor did ſhe ſuffer her to depart, without a handſome lecture on the merits of an office, to which ſhe could afford no better name than that of procureſs.—This diſcovery had greatly

diſcompoſed her temper, when coming into the apartment next to that in which the lovers were, ſhe overheard Sophia very warmly proteſting againſt his lordſhip's addreſſes. At which the rage already kindled, burſt forth, and ſhe ruſhed in upon her niece in a moſt furious manner, as we have already deſcribed, together with what paſſed at that time till his lordſhip's departure.

No ſooner was lord Fellamar gone, than Mrs. Weſtern returned to Sophia, whom ſhe upbraided in the moſt bitter terms, for the ill uſe ſhe had made of the confidence repoſed in her; and for her treachery in converſing with a man with whom ſhe had offered but the day before to bind herſelf in the moſt ſolemn oath never more to have any converſation. Sophia proteſted ſhe had maintained no ſuch converſation. 'How! How! Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid the aunt, 'will 'you deny your receiving a letter from him yeſter-'day?'——'A letter, madam!' anſwered Sophia, ſomewhat ſurprized. 'It is not very well bred, 'Miſs,' replies the aunt, 'to repeat my words. I 'ſay a letter, and inſiſt upon your ſhewing it me im-'mediately.'—'I ſcorn a lie, madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'I did receive a letter, but it was without my deſire, 'and indeed I may ſay againſt my conſent.'—'In-'deed, indeed, Miſs,' cries the aunt, 'you ought to 'be aſhamed of owning you had received it at all; 'but where is the letter? for I will ſee it.'

To this peremptory demand Sophia pauſed ſome time before ſhe returned an anſwer; and at laſt only excuſed herſelf by declaring ſhe had not the letter in her pocket, which was indeed true; upon which her aunt, loſing all manner of patience, aſked her niece this ſhort queſtion, whether ſhe would reſolve to marry lord Fellamar or no? to which ſhe received the ſtrongeſt negative. Mrs. Weſtern then replied with an oath, or ſomething very like one, that ſhe would early the next morning deliver her back into her father's hand.

Sophia

Sophia then began to reaſon with her aunt in the following manner; 'Why, madam, muſt I of neceſſity be forced to marry at all? Conſider how cruel you would have thought it in your own caſe, and how much kinder your parents were in leaving you to your liberty. What have I done to forfeit this liberty? I will never marry contrary to my father's conſent, nor without aſking yours.—And when I aſk the conſent of either improperly, it will be then time enough to force ſome other marriage upon me.'—'Can I bear to hear this?' cries Mrs. Weſtern, 'from a girl who hath now a letter from a murderer in her pocket.'—'I have no ſuch letter, I promiſe you,' anſwered Sophia; 'and if he be a murderer, he will ſoon be in no condition to give you any further diſturbance.'—'How, Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid the aunt, 'have you the aſſurance to ſpeak of him in this manner, to own your affection for ſuch a villain to my face?'—'Sure, madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'you put a very ſtrange conſtruction on my words.'—'Indeed, Miſs Weſtern,' cries the lady, 'I ſhall not bear this uſage; you have learnt of your father this manner of treating me; he hath taught you to give me the lie. He hath totally ruined you by his falſe ſyſtem of education; and pleaſe heaven he ſhall have the comfort of its fruits: for once more I declare to you, that to-morrow morning I will carry you back. I will withdraw all my forces from the field, and remain henceforth, like the wiſe king of Pruſſia, in a ſtate of perfect neutrality. You are both too wiſe to be regulated by my meaſures; ſo prepare yourſelf; for to-morrow morning you ſhall evacuate this houſe.'

Sophia remonſtrated all ſhe could; but her aunt was deaf to all ſhe ſaid. In this reſolution therefore we muſt at preſent leave her, as there ſeems to be no hopes of bringing her to change it.

CHAP. IX.

What happened to Mr. Jones in the prison.

MR. Jones past above twenty-four melancholy hours by himself, unless when relieved by the company of Partridge, before Mr. Nightingale returned; not that this worthy young man had deserted or forgot his friend; for indeed, he had been much the greatest part of the time employed in his service.

He had heard upon enquiry that the only persons who had seen the beginning of the unfortunate rencounter, were a crew belonging to a man of war, which then lay at Deptford. To Deptford therefore he went, in search of this crew, where he was informed, that the men he sought after were all gone ashore. He then traced them from place to place, till at last he found two of them drinking together, with a third person, at a hedge-tavern, near Alderſgate.

Nightingale desired to speak with Jones by himself (for Partridge was in the room when he came in). As soon as they were alone, Nightingale taking Jones by the hand, cried, 'Come, my brave friend, 'be not too much dejected at what I am going to tell 'you—I am sorry I am the messenger of bad news; 'but I think it my duty to tell you.' 'I guess already what that bad news is,' cries Jones. 'The 'poor gentleman then is dead.'—'I hope not,' answered Nightingale. 'He was alive this morning; 'though I will not flatter you; I fear from the accounts I could get, that his wound is mortal.—'But if the affair be exactly as you told it, your 'own remorse would be all you have reason to apprehend, let what would happen; but forgive me, 'my dear Tom, if I entreat you to make the worst 'of your story to your friends. If you disguise 'any thing to us, you will only be an enemy to 'yourself.'

'What reason, my dear Jack, have I ever given

'you.'

'you,' said Jones, 'to stab me with so cruel a suspicion?' 'Have patience,' cries Nightingale, 'and I will tell you all. After the most diligent enquiry I could make, I at last met with two of the fellows who were present at this unhappy accident; and I am sorry to say, they do not relate the story so much in your favour as you yourself have told it.' Why, what do they say?' cries Jones. 'Indeed what I am sorry to repeat, as I am afraid of the consequence of it to you. They say that they were at too great a distance to over-hear any words that passed between; but they both agree that the first blow was given by you.' 'Then upon my soul,' answered Jones, 'they injure me. He not only struck me first, but struck me without the least provocation. What should induce those villains to accuse me falsely?' 'Nay, that I cannot guess.' said Nightingale, 'and if you yourself, and I who am so heartily your friend, cannot conceive a reason why they should belie you, what reason will an indifferent court of justice be able to assign, why they should not believe them? I repeated the question to them several times, and so did another gentleman who was present, who, I believe, is a sea-faring man, and who really acted a very friendly part by you; for he begged them often to consider, that there was the life of a man in the case; and asked them over and over, if they were certain; to which they both answered, that they were, and would abide by their evidence upon oath. For heaven's sake, my dear friend, recollect yourself; for if this should appear to be the fact, it will be your business to think in time of making the best of your interest. I would not shock you; but you know, I believe, the severity of the law, whatever verbal provocations may have been given you.' 'Alas! my friend,' cries Jones, 'what interest hath such a wretch as I? Besides, do you think I would even wish to live with the reputation of a murderer?

'If I had any friends, (as, alas! I have none) could
'I have the confidence to solicit them to speak in the
'behalf of a man condemned for the blackest crime
'in human nature? Believe me, I have no such
'hope; but I have some reliance on a throne still
'greatly superior; which will, I am certain, afford
'me all the protection I merit.'

He then concluded with many solemn and vehe-
ment protestations of the truth of what he had at first
asserted.

The faith of Nightingale was now again staggered,
and began to incline to credit his friend; when Mrs.
Miller appeared, and made a sorrowful report of the
success of her embassy; which when Jones had heard,
he cried out most heroically, 'Well, my friend, I am
'now indifferent as to what shall happen, at least
'with regard to my life; and if it be the will of
'heaven that I shall make an atonement with that for
'for the blood I have spilt, I hope the divine good-
'ness will one day suffer my honour to be cleared,
'and that the words of a dying man at least, will be
'believed, so far as to justify his character.'

A very mournful scene now past between the pri-
soner and his friends, at which, as few readers would
have been pleased to be present, so few, I believe,
will desire to hear it particularly related. We will
therefore, pass on to the entrance of the turnkey, who
acquainted Jones, that there was a lady without
who desired to speak with him when he was at
leisure.

Jones declared his surprize at this message. He
said, 'He knew no lady in the world whom he could
'possibly expect to see there.' However as he saw
no reason to decline seeing any person, Mrs. Miller
and Mr. Nightingale presently took their leave, and
he gave orders to have the lady admitted.

If Jones was surprized at the news of a visit from
a lady, how greatly was he astonished when he dis-
covered this lady to be no other than Mrs. Waters!

In this aſtoniſhment then we ſhall leave him a-while, in order to cure the ſurprize of the reader, who will likewiſe, probably, not a little wonder at the arrival of this lady.

Who this Mrs. Waters was, the reader pretty well knows; what ſhe was, he muſt be perfectly ſatisfied. He will therefore be pleaſed to remember, that this lady departed from Upton in the ſame coach with Mr. Fitzpatrick and the other Iriſh gentleman, and in their company travelled to the Bath.

Now there was a certain office in the gift of Mr. Fitzpatrick at that time vacant, namely, that of a wife; for the lady who had lately filled that office had reſigned, or at leaſt deſerted her duty. Mr. Fitzpatrick therefore having thoroughly examined Mrs. Waters on the road, found her extremely fit for the place, which, on her arrival at Bath, he preſently conferred upon her, and ſhe without any ſcruple accepted. As huſband and wife this gentleman and lady continued together all the time they ſtayed at Bath, and as huſband and wife they arrived togerher in town.

Whether Mr. Fitzpatrick was ſo wiſe a man as not to part with one good thing till he had ſecured another, which he had at preſent only a proſpect of regaining; or whether Mrs. Waters had ſo well diſcharged her office, that he intended ſtill to retain her as principal, and to make his wife (as is often the caſe) only her deputy, I will not ſay; but certain it is he never mentioned his wife to her, never communicated to her the letter given him by Mrs. Weſtern, nor ever once hinted his purpoſe of repoſſeſſing his wife; much leſs did he ever mention the name of Jones. For though he intended to fight with him whereever he met him, he did not imitate thoſe prudent perſons who think a wife, a mother, a ſiſter, or ſometimes a whole family, the ſafeſt ſeconds on theſe occaſions. The firſt account therefore which ſhe had of all this, was delivered to her from his lips, after

he

he was brought home from the tavern where his wound had been dreſt.

As Mr. Fitzpatrick however had not the cleareſt way of telling a ſtory at any time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confuſed than uſual, it was ſometime before ſhe diſcovered that the gentleman who had given him this wound was the very ſame perſon from whom her heart had received a wound, which though not of a mortal kind, was yet ſo deep that it had left a conſiderable ſcar behind it. But no ſooner was ſhe acquainted that Mr. Jones himſelf was the man who had been committed to the Gate-houſe for this ſuppoſed murder, than ſhe took the firſt opportunity of committing Mr. Fiztpatrick to the care of his nurſe, and haſtened away to viſit the conqueror.

She now entered the room with an air of gaiety, which received an immediate check from the melancholy aſpect of poor Jones, who ſtarted and bleſſed himſelf when he ſaw her. Upon which ſhe ſaid, 'Nay, I do not wonder at your ſurprize; I believe 'you did not expect to ſee me; for few gentlemen 'are troubled here with viſits from any lady unleſs a 'wife. You ſee the power you have over me, Mr. 'Jones. Indeed I little thought, when we parted 'at Upton, that our next meeting would have been 'in ſuch a place.' 'Indeed, madam,' ſays Jones, 'I muſt look upon this viſit as kind; few will follow 'the miſerable, eſpecially to ſuch diſmal habitations.' 'I proteſt, Mr. Jones,' ſays ſhe, I can hardly per-'ſuade myſelf you are the ſame agreeable fellow I 'ſaw at Upton. Why, your face is more miſerable 'than any dungeon in the univerſe. What can be 'the matter with you?' 'I thought, madam,' ſaid Jones, 'as you knew of my being here, you knew 'the unhappy reaſon.' 'Pugh,' ſays ſhe, 'you have 'pinked a man in a duel, that's all.' Jones expreſt ſome indignation at this levity, and ſpoke with the utmoſt contrition for what had happened. To which

ſhe anſwered, 'Well then, ſir, if you take it ſo much 'to heart, I will relieve you, the gentleman is not 'dead; and, I am pretty confident, is in no danger 'of dying. The ſurgeon indeed who firſt dreſſed 'him was a young fellow, and ſeemed deſirous of 'repreſenting his caſe to be as bad as poſſible, that 'he might have the more honour from curing him; 'but the king's ſurgeon hath ſeen him ſince, and 'ſays, unleſs from a fever, of which there are at 'preſent no ſymptoms, he apprehends not the leaſt 'danger of life.' Jones ſhewed great ſatisfaction in his countenance at this report; upon which ſhe affirmed the truth of it, adding, 'By the moſt extraordinary accident in the world I lodge at the ſame 'houſe, and have ſeen the gentleman; and I promiſe you he doth you juſtice, and ſays, Whatever 'be the conſequence, that he was entirely the aggreſſor, and that you was not in the leaſt to blame.'

Jones expreſſed the utmoſt ſatisfaction at the account which Mrs. Waters brought him. He then informed her of many things which ſhe well knew before, as who Mrs. Fitzpatrick was, the occaſion of his reſentment, &c. He likewiſe told her ſeveral facts of which ſhe was ignorant, as the adventure of the muff, and other particulars, concealing only the name of Sophia. He then lamented the follies and vices of which he had been guilty; every one of which, he ſaid, had been attended with ſuch ill conſequences, that he ſhould be unpardonable if he did not take warning, and quit thoſe vicious courſes for the future. He laſtly concluded with aſſuring her of his reſolution to ſin no more, leſt a worſt thing ſhould happen to him.

Mrs. Waters with great pleaſantry ridiculed all this, as the effects of low ſpirits and confinement. She repeated ſome witticiſms about *the Devil when he was ſick*, and told him, 'She doubted not but ſhortly 'to ſee him at liberty, and as lively a fellow as ever; 'and then,' ſays ſhe, 'I don't queſtion but your

'con-

'conſcience will be ſafely delivered of all theſe 'qualms that it is now ſo ſick in breeding.'

Many more things of this kind ſhe uttered, ſome of which it would do her no great honour, in the opinion of ſome readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the anſwers made by Jones would be treated with ridicule by others. We ſhall therefore ſuppreſs the reſt of this converſation, and only obſerve that it ended at laſt with perfect innocence, and much more to the ſatisfaction of Jones than of the lady: for the former was greatly tranſported with the news ſhe had brought him; but the latter was not altogether ſo pleaſed with the penitential behaviour of a man, whom ſhe had at her firſt interview conceived a very different opinion of from what ſhe now entertained of him.

Thus the melancholy occaſioned by the report of Mr. Nightingale was pretty well effaced: but the dejection into which Mrs. Miller had thrown him ſtill continued. The account ſhe gave ſo well tallied with the words of Sophia herſelf in her letter, that he made not the leaſt doubt but that ſhe had diſcloſed his letter to her aunt, and had taken a fixed reſolution to abandon him. The torments this thought gave him, were to be equalled only by a piece of news which fortune had yet in ſtore for him, and which we ſhall communicate in the ſecond chapter of the enſuing book.

BOOK XVIII.

Containing about ſix days.

CHAP. I.

A farewel to the reader.

WE are now, reader, arrived at the laſt ſtage of our long journey. As we have therefore travelled together through ſo many pages, let us behave

have to one another like fellow-travellers in a ſtage-coach, who have paſſed ſeveral days in company of each other; and who, notwithſtanding any bickerings or little animoſities which may have occurred on the road, generally make all up at laſt, and mount, for the laſt time, into their vehicle with chearfulneſs and good-humour; ſince after this one ſtage, it may poſſibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this ſimile, give me leave to carry it a little farther. I intend then in this laſt book to imitate the good company I have mentioned in their laſt journey. Now it is well known, that all jokes and raillery are at this time laid aſide: whatever characters any of the paſſengers have for the jeſt-ſake perſonated on the road, are now thrown off, and the converſation is uſually plain and ſerious.

In the ſame manner, if I have now and then, in the courſe of this work, indulged any pleaſantry for thy entertainment, I ſhall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I ſhall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of thoſe ludicrous obſervations which I have elſewhere made, and which may ſometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to ſteal upon thee. In this laſt book thou wilt find nothing (or at moſt very little) of that nature. All will be plain narrative only; and, indeed, when thou haſt peruſed the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it ſcarce ſufficient to tell the ſtory.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I ſhall have no other) of heartily wiſhing thee well. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promiſe thee it was what I have deſired. If in any thing I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things perhaps here ſaid may have hit thee or thy friends; but I do moſt ſolemnly declare they

they were not pointed at thee or them. I queſtion not but thou haſt been told, among other ſtories of me, that thou waſt to travel with a very ſcurrilous fellow: but whoever told thee ſo, did me an injury. No man deteſts and deſpiſes ſcurrility more than myſelf; nor hath any man more reaſon; for none hath ever been treated with more: and what is a very ſevere fate, I have had ſome of the abuſive writings of thoſe very men fathered upon me, who in other of their works have abuſed me themſelves with the utmoſt virulence.

All theſe works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this page ſhall offer itſelf to thy peruſal: for however ſhort the period may be of my own performances, they will moſt probably outlive their own infirm author, and the weekly productions of his abuſive cotemporaries.

CHAP. II.

Containing a very tragical incident.

WHILE Jones was employed in thoſe unpleaſant meditations, with which we left him tormenting himſelf, Partridge came ſtumbling into the room with his face paler than aſhes, his eyes fixed in his head, his hair ſtanding an end, and every limb trembling. In ſhort, he looked as he would have done had he ſeen a ſpectre, or had he indeed been a ſpectre himſelf.

Jones, who was little ſubject to fear, could not avoid being ſomewhat ſhocked at this ſudden appearance. He did indeed himſelf change colour, and his voice a little faultered, while he aſked him what was the matter.

'I hope, ſir,' ſaid Partridge, 'you will not be 'angry with me. Indeed I did not liſten, but I 'was obliged to ſtay in the outward room. I am 'ſure I wiſh I had been a hundred miles off, rather 'than have heard what I have heard. 'Why, what

'is

'is the matter?' ſaid Jones. 'The matter, ſir, O 'good heaven!' anſwered Partridge, 'was that 'woman who is juſt gone out, the woman who was 'with you at Upton?' 'She was, Partridge,' cries Jones. 'And did you really, ſir, go to bed with 'that woman?' ſaid he trembling.—'I am afraid 'what paſſed between us is no ſecret,' ſaid Jones.—'Nay, but pray, ſir, for heaven's ſake, ſir, anſwer 'me,' cries Partridge.—'You know I did,' cries Jones.—'Why then the Lord have mercy upon your 'ſoul, and forgive you,' cries Partridge; 'but as 'ſure as I ſtand here alive, you have been a-bed 'with your own mother.'

Upon theſe words, Jones became in a moment a greater picture of horror than Partridge himſelf.—He was indeed, for ſome time, ſtruck dumb with amazement, and both ſtood ſtaring wildly at each other. At laſt his words found way, and in an interrupted voice he ſaid—'How! how! What's 'this you tell me?' 'Nay, ſir, cries Partridge, 'I 'have not breath enough left to tell you now—but 'what I have ſaid is moſt certainly true—That wo-'man who now went out is your own mother How 'unlucky was it for you, ſir, that I did not happen 'to ſee her at that time to have prevented it? Sure 'the devil himſelf muſt have contrived to bring about 'this wickedneſs.'

'Sure,' cries Jones, 'fortune will never have done 'with me, till ſhe hath driven me to diſtraction. But 'why do I blame fortune? I am myſelf the cauſe of 'all my miſery. All the dreadful miſchiefs which 'have befallen me, are the conſequences only of my 'own folly and vice. What thou haſt told me, Partridge, hath almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes. And 'was Mrs. Waters then——But why do I aſk? for 'thou muſt certainly know her.——If thou haſt any 'affection for me; nay, if thou haſt any pity, let me 'beſeech thee to fetch this miſerable woman back 'again to me. O good heaven! inceſt—with a mo-

'ther!

'ther! To what am I reserved?' He then fell into the most violent and frantic agonies of grief and despair, in which Partridge declared he would not leave him: but at last having vented the first torrent of passion, he came a little to himself; and then having acquainted Partridge that he would find this wretched woman in the same house where the wounded gentleman was lodged, he dispatched him in quest of her.

If the reader will please to refresh his memory, by turning to the scene at Upton, in the ninth book, he will be apt to admire the many strange accidents which unfortunately prevented any interview between Partridge and Mrs. Waters, when she spent a whole day there with Mr. Jones. Instances of this kind we may frequently observe in life, where the greatest events are produced by a nice train of little circumstances; and more than one example of this may be discovered by the accurate eye, in this our history.

After a fruitless search of two or three hours, Partridge returned back to his master, without having seen Mrs. Waters. Jones, who was in a state of desperation at his delay, was almost raving mad when he brought him this account. He was not long however in this condition, before he received the following letter.

'SIR,

'SINCE I left you, I have seen a gentleman, from 'whom I have learnt something concerning you 'which greatly surprizes and affects me: but as I have 'not at present leisure to communicate a matter of 'such high importance, you must suspend your curi'osity till our next meeting, which shall be the first 'moment I am able to see you. O Mr. Jones, little 'did I think, when I past that happy day at Upton, 'the reflection upon which is like to embitter all my 'future life, who it was to whom I owed such per'fect happiness Believe me to be ever sincerely 'your unfortunate

'J. WATERS.

'P.S.

'P. S. I would have you comfort yourself as much 'as poſſible; for Mr. Fitzpatrick is in no manner of 'danger; ſo that whatever other grievous crimes 'you may have to repent of, the guilt of blood is not 'among the number.'

Jones having received the letter, let it drop (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had ſcarce the uſe of any one of his faculties.) Partridge took it up, and having received conſent by ſilence, read it likewiſe; nor had it upon him a leſs ſenſible effect. The pencil, and not the pen, ſhould deſcribe the horrors which appeared in both their countenances. While they both remained ſpeechleſs, the turnkey entered the room, and without taking any notice of what ſufficiently diſcovered itſelf in the faces of them both, acquainted Jones that a man without deſired to ſpeak with him. This perſon was preſently introduced, and was no other than Black George.

As ſights of horror were not ſo uſual to George as they were to the turnkey, he inſtantly ſaw the great diſorder which appeared in the face of Jones. This he imputed to the accident that had happened, which was reported in the very worſt light in Mr. Weſtern's family; he concluded therefore that the gentleman was dead, and that Mr. Jones was in a fair way of coming to a ſhameful end. A thought which gave him much uneaſineſs; for George was of a compaſſionate diſpoſition; and notwithſtanding a ſmall breach of friendſhip which he had been overtempted to commit, was, in the main, not inſenſible of the obligations he had formerly received from Mr. Jones.

The poor fellow therefore ſcarce refrained from a tear at the preſent ſight. He told Jones he was heartily ſorry for his misfortunes, and begged him to conſider, if he could be of any manner of ſervice. 'Per-'haps, ſir,' ſaid he, 'you may want a little matter of 'money upon this occaſion; if you do, ſir, what little 'I have is heartily at your ſervice.'

Jones

Jones ſhook him very heartily by the hand, and gave him many thanks for the kind offer he had made; but anſwered, 'he had not the leaſt want of that 'kind.' Upon which George began to preſs his ſervices more eagerly than before. Jones again thanked him, with aſſurances that he wanted nothing which was in the power of any man living to give. 'Come, 'come, my good maſter,' anſwered George, 'do not 'take the matter ſo much to heart. Things may end 'better than you imagine; to be ſure you ant the firſt 'gentleman who hath killed a man, and yet come off.' 'You are wide of the matter, George,' ſaid Partridge, 'the gentleman is not dead, nor like to die. Don't 'diſturb my maſter, at preſent, for he is troubled 'about a matter in which it is not in your power to 'do him any good.' 'You don't know what I may 'be able to do, Mr. Partridge,' anſwered George, 'if his concern is about my young lady, I have ſome 'news to tell my maſter.'—'What do you ſay, Mr. 'George?' cries Jones: 'Hath any thing lately hap-'pened in which my Sophia is concerned? My So-'phia! How dares ſuch a wretch as I mention her 'ſo prophanely!'——'I hope ſhe will be yours yet,' anſwered George.—'Why, yes, ſir, I have ſomething 'to tell you about her. Madam Weſtern hath juſt 'brought madam Sophia home, and there hath been 'a terrible to do. I could not poſſibly learn the 'very right of it; but my maſter he hath been in a 'vaſt big paſſion, and ſo was madam Weſtern, and 'I heard her ſay as ſhe went out of doors into her 'chair, that ſhe would never ſet her foot in maſter's 'houſe again. I don't know what's the matter, not 'I, but every thing was very quiet when I came out; 'but Robin, who waited at ſupper, ſaid he had never 'ſeen the ſquire for a long while in ſuch good hu-'mour with young madam; that he kiſſed her ſeve-'ral times, and ſwore ſhe ſhould be her own miſtreſs, 'and he never would think of confining her any 'more. I thought this news would pleaſe you, and

'ſo

'ſo I ſlipped out, though it was ſo late, to inform you 'of it.' Mr. Jones aſſured George that it did greatly pleaſe him; for though he ſhould never more preſume to lift his eyes towards that incomparable creature, nothing could ſo much relieve his miſery as the ſatisfaction he ſhould always have, in hearing of her welfare.

The reſt of the converſation which paſſed at the viſit, is not important enough to be here related. The reader will therefore forgive us this abrupt breaking off, and be pleaſed to hear how this great good-will of the Squire towards his daughter was brought about.

Mrs. Weſtern, on her firſt arrival at her brother's lodging, began to ſet forth the great honours and advantages which would accrue to the family by the match with lord Fellamar, which her niece had abſolutely refuſed; in which refuſal when the Squire took the part of his daughter, ſhe fell immediately into the moſt violent paſſion, and ſo irritated and provoked the Squire, that neither his patience nor his prudence could bear it any longer; upon which there enſued between them both ſo warm a bout at altercation, that perhaps the regions of Billingſgate never equalled it. In the heat of this ſcolding Mrs. Weſtern departed, and had conſequently no leiſure to acquaint her brother with the letter which Sophia received, which might have poſſibly produced ill effects; but to ſay truth, I believe it never once occurred to her memory at this time.

When Mrs. Weſtern was gone, Sophia, who had been hitherto ſilent, as well indeed from neceſſity as inclination, began to return the compliment which her father had made her, in taking her part againſt her aunt, by taking his likewiſe againſt the lady. This was the firſt time of her ſo doing, and it was in the higheſt degree acceptable to the Squire. Again he remembered that Mr. Allworthy had inſiſted on an entire relinquiſhment of all violent means; and indeed as he made no doubt but that Jones would be hanged, he

he did not in the leaſt queſtion ſucceeding with his daughter by fair means; he now therefore once more gave a looſe to his natural fondneſs for her, which had ſuch an effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender and affectionate heart of Sophia, that had her honour given to Jones, and ſomething elſe perhaps in which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether ſhe would not have ſacrificed herſelf to a man ſhe did not like, to have obliged her father. She promiſed him ſhe would make it the whole buſineſs of her life to oblige him, and would never marry any man againſt his conſent; which brought the old man ſo near to his higheſt happineſs, that he was reſolved to take the other ſtep, and went to bed completely drunk.

CHAP. III.

Allworthy viſits old Nightingale; with a ſtrange diſcovery that he made on that occaſion.

THE morning after theſe things had happened, Mr. Allworthy went according to his promiſe to viſit old Nightingale, with whom his authority was ſo great, that after having ſat with him three hours, he at laſt prevailed with him to conſent to ſee his ſon.

Here an accident happened of a very extraordinary kind; one indeed of thoſe ſtrange chances, whence very good and grave men have concluded that providence often interpoſes in the diſcovery of the moſt ſecret villainy, in order to caution men from quitting the paths of honeſty, however warily they tread in thoſe of vice.

Mr. Allworthy, at his entrance into Mr. Nightingale's, ſaw Black George; he took no notice of him, nor did Black George imagine he had perceived him. However, when their converſation on the principal point was over, Allworthy aſked Nightingale whether he knew one George Seagrim, and upon what buſineſs he came to his houſe. 'Yes,' anſwered Nightingale

ingale, 'I know him very well, and a moſt extraordinary fellow he is, who, in theſe days, hath been able to hoard up 500 l. from renting a very ſmall eſtate of 30 l. a year.' 'And is this the ſtory which he hath told you?' cries Allworthy. 'Nay, it is true, I promiſe you,' ſaid Nightingale, 'for I have the money now in my own hands, in five bank bills, which I am to lay out either in a mortgage, or in ſome purchaſe in the north of England.' The bank bills were no ſooner produced at Allworthy's deſire, than he bleſſed himſelf at the ſtrangeneſs of the diſcovery. He preſently told Nightingale, that theſe bank bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole affair. As there are no men who complain more of the frauds of buſineſs than highwaymen, gameſters, and other thieves of that kind; ſo there are none who ſo bitterly exclaim againſt the frauds of gameſters, &c. as uſurers, brokers, and other theives of this kind; whether it be that the one way of cheating is a diſcountenance or reflection upon the other, or that money, which is the common miſtreſs of all cheats, makes them regard each other in the light of rivals; but Nightingale no ſooner heard the ſtory, than he exclaimed againſt the fellow in terms much ſeverer than the juſtice and honeſty of Allworthy had beſtowed on him.

Allworthy deſired Nightingale to retain both the money and the ſecret till he ſhould hear farther from him; and if he ſhould in the mean time ſee the fellow, that he would not take the leaſt notice to him of the diſcovery which he had made. He then returned to his lodgings, where he found Mrs. Miller in a very dejected condition, on account of the information ſhe had received from her ſon-in-law. Mr. Allworthy, with great chearfulneſs, told her that he had much good news to communicate; and with little further preface acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. Nightingale to conſent to ſee his ſon, and did not in the leaſt doubt to effect a perfect reconciliation be-

tween them; though he found the father more ſoured by another accident of the ſame kind, which had happened in his family. He then mentioned the running away of the uncle's daughter, which he had been told by the old gentleman, and which Mrs. Miller, and her ſon in law, did not yet know.

The reader may ſuppoſe Mrs. Miller received this account with great thankfulneſs and no leſs pleaſure; but ſo uncommon was her friendſhip to Jones, that I am not certain whether the uneaſineſs ſhe ſuffered for his ſake, did not overbalance her ſatisfaction at hearing a piece of news tending ſo much to the happineſs of her own family; nor whether even this very news, at it reminded her of the obligations ſhe had to Jones, did not hurt as well as pleaſe her; when her grateful heart ſaid to her, 'while my own family is 'happy, how miſerable is the poor creature, to whoſe 'generoſity we owe the beginning of all this happi-'neſs!'

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the cud (if I may uſe that expreſſion) on theſe firſt tidings, told her, he had ſtill ſomething more to impart, which he believed would give her pleaſure. 'I think,' ſaid he, 'I have diſcovered a pretty conſiderable trea-'ſure belonging to the gentleman, your friend; but 'perhaps indeed, his preſent ſituation may be ſuch, 'that it will be of no ſervice to him.' The latter part of the ſpeech gave Mrs. Miller to underſtand who was meant, and ſhe anſwered with a ſigh, 'I hope 'not, Sir.' 'I hope ſo too,' cries Allworthy, 'with 'all my heart; but my nephew told me this morn-'ing, he had heard a very bad account of the affair.' 'Good heaven! Sir,' ſaid ſhe,—'Well, I muſt not 'ſpeak, and yet it is certainly very hard to be obliged 'to hold one's tongue when one hears'—madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you may ſay whatever you pleaſe; 'you know me too well to think I have a prejudice 'againſt any one; and as for that young man, I aſſure 'you I ſhould be heartily pleaſed to find he could ac-

'quit

'quit himſelf of every thing, and particularly of this 'ſad affair. You can teſtify the affection I have for-'merly borne him. The world, I know cenſured 'me for loving him ſo much. I did not withdraw 'that affection from him without thinking I had the 'juſteſt cauſe. Believe me, Mrs. Miller, I ſhould 'be glad to find I have been miſtaken.' Mrs. Miller was going eagerly to reply, when a ſervant acquainted her, that a gentleman without deſired to ſpeak with her immediately. Allworthy then enquired for his nephew, and was told, that he had been for ſome time in his room with the gentleman who uſed to come to him, and whom Mr. Allworthy gueſſing rightly to be Mr. Dowling, he deſired preſently to ſpeak with him.

When Dowling attending, Allworthy put the caſe of the bank notes to him, without mentioning any name, and aſked in what manner ſuch a perſon might be puniſhed. To which Dowling anſwered, he thought he might be indicted on the black act; but ſaid, as it was a matter of ſome nicety, it would be proper to go to counſel. He ſaid he was to attend counſel preſently, upon an affair of Mr. Weſtern's; and if Mr. Allworthy pleaſed, he would lay the caſe before them. This was agreed to, and then Mrs. Miller opening the door, cry'd, 'I aſk pardon, I did 'not know you had company;' but Allworthy deſired her to come in, ſaying, he had finiſhed his buſineſs. Upon which Mr. Dowling withdrew, and Mrs. Miller introduced Mr. Nightingale the younger, to return thanks for the great kindneſs done him by Allworthy; but ſhe had ſcarce patience to let the young gentleman finiſh his ſpeech before ſhe interrupted him, ſaying, 'O ſir, Mr. Nightingale brings great 'news about poor Mr. Jones; he hath been to ſee 'the wounded gentleman, who is out of all danger 'of death, and, what is more, declares he fell upon 'poor Mr. Jones himſelf, and beat him. I am ſure, 'ſir, you would not have Mr. Jones be a coward. If

'I was a man myſelf, am ſure if any man was to ſtrike 'me, I ſhould draw my ſword. Do pray, my dear, 'tell Mr. Allworthy, tell him him all yourſelf.' Nightingale then confirmed what Mrs. Miller had ſaid; and concluded with many handſome things of Jones, who was, he ſaid, one of the beſt natured fellows in the world, and not in the leaſt inclined to be quarrelſome. Here Nightingale was going to ceaſe, when Mrs. Miller again begged him to relate all the many dutiful expreſſions he had heard him make uſe of towards Mr. Allworthy. 'To ſay the utmoſt good 'of Mr. Allworthy,' cries Nightingale, 'is doing no 'more than ſtrict juſtice, and can have no merit in it; 'but indeed I muſt ſay, no man can be more ſenſible 'of the obligations he hath to ſo good a man, than is 'poor Jones. Indeed, ſir, I am convinced the 'weight of your diſpleaſure is the heavieſt burthen 'he lies under. He hath often lamented it to me, 'and hath as often proteſted in the moſt ſolemn manner he hath never been intentionally guilty of any 'offence towards you; nay he hath ſworn he would 'rather die a thouſand deaths than he would have 'his conſcience upbraid him with one diſreſpectful, 'ungrateful, or undutiful thought towards you. But 'I aſk pardon, ſir, I am afraid I preſume to intermeddle too far in ſo tender a point.' 'You have 'ſpoke no more than what a chriſtian ought,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Indeed, Mr. Nightingale,' anſwered Allworthy, 'I applaud your generous friendſhip, and 'and I wiſh he may merit it of you. I confeſs I 'am glad to hear the report you bring from this 'unfortunate gentleman; and if that matter ſhould 'turn out to be as you repreſent it (and indeed I 'doubt nothing of what you ſay) I may perhaps in 'time be brought to think better than lately I have 'of this young man: for this good gentlewoman 'here, nay all who know me, can witneſs that 'I loved him as dearly as if he had been my own ſon. 'Indeed I have conſidered him as a child ſent by

'fortune

'fortune to my care. I ſtill remember the innocent, 'the helpleſs ſituation in which I found him I feel 'the tender preſſure of his little hands at this mo-'ment.—He was my darling, indeed he was.' At which words he ceaſed, and the tears ſtood in his eyes.

As the anſwer which Mrs. Miller made may lead us into freſh matters, we will here ſtop to account for the viſible alteration in Mr. Allworthy's mind, and the abatement of his anger to Jones. Revolutions of this kind, it is true, do frequently occur in hiſtories and dramatic writers, for no other reaſon than becauſe the hiſtory or play draws to a concluſion, and are juſtified by authority of authors; yet though we inſiſt upon as much authority as any author whatever, we ſhall uſe this power very ſparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by neceſſity, which we do not at preſent foreſee will happen in this work.

This alteration then in the mind of Mr. Allworthy was occaſioned by a letter he had juſt received from Mr. Square, and which we ſhall give the reader in the beginning of the next chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Containing two letters in very different ſtiles.

"My worthy friend,

"I Informed you in my laſt, that I was forbidden "the uſe of the waters, as they were found by "experience rather to increaſe than leſſen the ſymp-"toms of my diſtemper. I muſt now acquaint you "with a piece of news, which, I believe, will afflict "my friends more than it hath afflicted me. Dr. "Harrington and Dr. Breweſter have informed me, "that there is no hopes of my recovery.

"I have ſomewhere read, that the great uſe of "philoſophy is to learn to die. I will not therefore "ſo far diſgrace mine, as to ſhew any ſurprize at re-"ceiving a leſſon which I muſt be thought to have

" ſo long ſtudied. Yet, to ſay the truth, one page " of the goſpel teaches this leſſon better than all the " volumes of ancient or modern philoſophers. The " aſſurance it gives us of another life is a much " ſtronger ſupport to a good mind, than all the con- " ſolations that are drawn from the neceſſity of na- " ture, the emptineſs or ſatiety of our enjoyments " here, or any other topic of thoſe declamations " which are ſometimes capable of arming our minds " with a ſtubborn patience in bearing the thoughts of " death; but never of raiſing them to a real con- " tempt of it, and much leſs of making us think it " as a real good. I would not here be underſtood " to throw the horrid cenſure of atheiſm, or even the " abſolute denial of immortality, on all who are " called philoſophers. Many of that ſect, as well " ancient as modern, have, from the light of reaſon, " diſcovered ſome hopes of a future ſtate; but, in " reality, that light was ſo faint and glimmering, " and the hopes were ſo uncertain and precarious, " that it may be juſtly doubted on which ſide their " belief turned. Plato himſelf concludes his Phœdon " with declaring, that his beſt arguments amounts " only to raiſe a probability; and Cicero himſelf " ſeems rather to profeſs an inclination to believe, " than any actual belief in the doctrines of immor- " tality. As to myſelf, to be very ſincere with you, " I never was much in earneſt in this faith, till I was " in earneſt a chriſtian.

" You will perhaps wonder at the latter expreſ- " ſion; but I aſſure you it hath not been till very " lately that I could with truth call myſelf ſo. " The pride of philoſophy had intoxicated my rea- " ſon, and the ſublimeſt of all wiſdom appeared to " me, as it did to the Greeks of old, to be fooliſh- " neſs. God hath however been ſo gracious to ſhew " me my error in time, and to bring me into the way " of truth, before I ſunk into utter darkneſs for " ever.

" I find

" I find myſelf beginning to grow weak. I " ſhall therefore haſten to the main purpoſe of this " letter.

" When I reflect on the actions of my paſt life, I " know of nothing which ſits heavier upon my con- " ſcience, than the injuſtice I have been guilty of to " that poor wretch, your adopted ſon. I have in- " deed not only connived at the villainy of others, " but been myſelf active in injuſtice towards him. " Believe me, my dear friend, when I tell you, on " the word of a dying man, he hath been baſely in- " jured. As to the principal fact, upon the miſrepre- " ſentation of which you diſcarded him, I ſolemnly " aſſure you he is innocent. When you lay upon " your ſuppoſed death-bed, he was the only perſon " in the houſe who teſtified any real concern; and " what happened afterwards aroſe from the wild- " neſs of his joy on your recovery; and, I am ſorry " to ſay it, from the baſeneſs of another perſon (but " it is my deſire to juſtify the innocent, and to ac- " cuſe none.) Believe me, my friend, this young " man hath the nobleſt generoſity of heart, the moſt " perfect capacity for friendſhip, the higheſt inte- " grity, and indeed every virtue which can ennoble " a man. He hath ſome faults, but among them is " not to be numbered the leaſt want of duty or gra- " titude towards you. On the contrary, I am ſatis- " fied when you diſmiſſed him from your houſe, " his heart bled for you more than for himſelf.

" Worldly motives were the wicked and baſe rea- " ſons of my concealing this from you ſo long; to " reveal it now I can have no inducement but the " deſire of ſerving the cauſe of truth, of doing right " to the innocent, and of making all the amends in " my power for a paſt offence. I hope this decla- " ration therefore will have the effect deſired, and " will reſtore this deſerving young man to your fa-

" vour; the hearing of which, while I am yet alive " will afford the utmoſt conſolation to,

" SIR,

" Your moſt obliged, obedient humble ſervant,

" THOMAS SQUARE."

The reader will, after this, ſcarce wonder at the revolution ſo viſibly appearing in Mr. Allworthy, notwithſtanding he received from Thwackum, by the ſame poſt, another letter of a very different kind, which we ſhall here add, as it may poſſibly be the laſt time we ſhall have occaſion to mention the name of that gentleman.

' Sir,

' I am not at all ſurprized at hearing from your ' worthy nephew a freſh inſtance of the villainy of ' Mr. Square the atheiſt's young pupil. I ſhall not ' wonder at any murders he may commit; and I ' heartily pray that your own blood may not ſeal up ' this final commitment to the place of wailing and ' gnathing of teeth.

' Though you cannot want ſufficient calls to re- ' pentance for the many unwarrantable weakneſſes ' exemplified in your behaviour to this wretch, ſo ' much to the prejudice of your own lawful family, ' and of your character. I ſay, though theſe may ' ſufficiently be ſuppoſed to prick and goad your ' conſcience at this ſeaſon; I ſhould yet be wanting ' to my duty, if I ſpared to give you ſome admoni- ' tion, in order to bring you to a due ſenſe of your ' errors. I therefore pray you ſeriouſly to conſider ' the judgment which is likely to overtake this ' wicked villain; and let it ſerve at leaſt as a warn- ' ing to you, that you may not for the future deſpiſe ' the advice of one who is ſo indefatigable in his ' prayers for your welfare.

' Had not my hand been with held from due cor- ' rection, I had ſcourged much of this diabolical

' ſpirit

'ſpirit out of a boy, of whom from his infancy I 'diſcovered the devil had taken ſuch entire poſſeſ-'ſion; but reflections of this kind now come too 'late.

'I am ſorry you have given away the living of 'Weſtern ſo haſtily. I ſhould have applied on that 'occaſion earlier, had I thought you would not have 'acquainted me previous to the diſpoſition.—Your 'objection to pluralities is being righteous over-'much. If there were any crime in the practice, ſo 'many godly men would not agree to it. If the vi-'car of Aldergrove ſhould die (as we hear he is in 'a declining way) I hope you will think of me, 'ſince I am certain you muſt be convinced of my 'moſt ſincere attachment to your higheſt welfare 'A welfare to which all worldly conſiderations are 'as trifling, as the ſmall tithes mentioned in ſcrip-'ture are, when compared to the weighty matters of 'the law.

'I am, Sir,

'Your faithful humble ſervant,

'ROGER THWACKUM.'

This was the firſt time Thwackum ever wrote in this authoritative ſtile to Allworthy, and of this he had afterwards ſufficient reaſon to repent, as is the caſe of thoſe who miſtake the higheſt degree of good-neſs for the loweſt degree of weakneſs. Allworthy had indeed never liked this man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured; he alſo knew that his divinity itſelf was tinctured with his temper, and ſuch as in many reſpects he himſelf did by no means approve: but he was at the ſame time an excellent ſcholar, and moſt indefatigable in teaching the two lads. Add to this the ſtrict ſeverity of his life and manners, an unimpeached honeſty, and a moſt devout attachment to religion. So that upon the whole, tho' Allworthy did not eſteem nor love the man, yet he could never bring himſelf to part with a tutor to the

boys, who was, both by learning and induſtry, extremely well qualified for his office; and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own houſe, and under his own eye, he ſhould be able to correct whatever was wrong in Thwackum's inſtructions.

CHAP. V.

In which the hiſtory is continued.

MR. Allworthy, in his laſt ſpeech, had recollected ſome tender ideas concerning Jones, which had brought tears into the good man's eyes. This Mrs. Miller obſerving, ſaid, 'Yes, yes, ſir, your 'goodneſs to this poor young man is known, notwithſtanding all your care to conceal it; but there 'is not a ſingle ſyllable of truth in what thoſe villains ſaid. Mr. Nightingale hath now diſcovered 'the whole matter. It ſeems theſe fellows were employed by a lord, who is a rival of poor Mr. Jones, 'to have preſſed him on board a ſhip—— I aſſure 'them I don't know who they will preſs next. 'Mr. Nightingale here hath ſeen the officer himſelf, 'who is a very pretty gentleman, and hath told him 'all, and is very ſorry for what he undertook, which 'he would never have done, had he known Mr. 'Jones to have been a gentleman; but he was told 'that he was a common ſtrolling vagabond.'

Allworthy ſtared at all this, and declared he was a ſtranger to every word ſhe ſaid. 'Yes, ſir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I believe you are —It is a very different ſtory, 'I believe, from what thoſe fellows told the lawyer.'

'What lawyer, madam? What is it you mean?' ſaid Allworthy. 'Nay, nay,' ſaid ſhe, 'this is ſo 'like you to deny your own goodneſs; but Mr. 'Nightingale here ſaw him.' 'Saw whom, ma'dam?' anſwered he. 'Why your lawyer, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that you ſo kindly ſent to enquire into the 'affair.' 'I am ſtill in the dark upon my honour,' ſaid Allworthy. 'Why then do you tell him, my

'dear

dear ſir,' cries ſhe. 'Indeed, ſir,' ſaid Nightingale, 'I did ſee that very lawyer who went from you when I came into the room, at an alehouſe at Alderſgate, in company with two of the fellows who were employed by lord Fellamar to preſs Mr. Jones, and 'who were by that means preſent at the unhappy 'rencounter between him and Mr. Fitzpatrick.' 'I 'own, ſir,' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'when I ſaw this gentleman come into the room to you, I told Mr. 'Nightingale that I apprehended you had ſent him 'thither to enquire into the affair.' Allworthy ſhewed marks of aſtoniſhment in his countenance at this news, and was indeed for two or three minutes ſtruck dumb by it. At laſt, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Nightingale, he ſaid, 'I muſt confeſs myſelf, ſir, 'more ſurprized at what you tell me, than I have 'ever been before at any thing in my whole life. 'Are you certain this was the gentleman?' 'I am 'moſt certain,' anſwered Nightingale. 'At Alderſ-'gate?' cries Allworthy. 'And was you in com-'pany with this lawyer and the two fellows?'—— '——I was, ſir,' ſaid the other, 'very near half an 'hour.'—'Well, ſir,' ſaid Allworthy, and in what 'manner did the lawyer behave? Did you hear all 'that paſt between him and the fellows?' 'No, 'ſir,' anſwered Nightingale, 'they had been toge-'ther before I came.——In my preſence the lawyer 'ſaid little; but after I had ſeveral times examined 'the fellows, who perſiſted in a ſtory directly con-'trary to what I have heard from Mr. Jones, and 'which I find by Mr. Fitzpatrick was a rank falſe-'hood; the lawyer then deſired the fellows to ſay 'nothing but what was the truth, and ſeemed to 'ſpeak ſo much in favour of Mr. Jones, that when 'I ſaw the ſame perſon with you, I concluded your 'goodneſs had prompted you to ſend him thither.' '—And did you not ſend him thither?' ſays Mrs. Miller.—'Indeed I did not,' anſwered Allworthy; 'nor did I know he had gone on ſuch an errand 'till

'this moment.'——'I see it all!' said Mrs. Miller: 'Upon my soul, I see it all! No wonder they have 'been closeted so close lately. Son Nightingale, let 'me beg you run for these fellows immediately—'find them out if they are above ground. I will go 'myself.'——'Dear madam,' said Allworthy, 'be 'patient, and do me the favour to send a servant up 'stairs to call Mr. Dowling hither, if he be in the 'house, or if not, Mr. Blifil.' Mrs. Miller went out muttering something to herself, and presently returned with an answer, 'That Mr. Dowling was 'gone; but that the t'other, as she called him, was 'coming.'

Allworthy was of a cooler disposition than the good woman, whose spirits were all up in arms in the cause of her friend. He was not, however, without some suspicions which were near a-kin to hers. When Blifil came into the room, he asked him with a very serious countenance, and with a less friendly look than he had ever before given him, 'Whether 'he knew any thing of Mr. Dowling's having seen 'any of the persons who were present at the duel be-'tween Jones and another gentleman?'

There is nothing so dangerous as a question which comes by surprize on a man, whose business it is to conceal truth, or to defend falsehood. For which reason those worthy personages, whose noble office it is to save the lives of their fellow creatures at the Old Bailey, take the utmost care, by frequent previous examinations, to divine every question which may be asked their clients on the day of trial, that they may be supplied with proper and ready answers, which the most fertile invention cannot supply in an instant. Besides, the sudden and violent impulse on the blood, occasioned by these surprizes, causes frequently such an alteration in the countenance, that the man is obliged to give evidence against himself. And such indeed were the alterations which the

countenance

countenance of Blifil underwent from this ſudden queſtion, that we can ſcarce blame the eagerneſs of Mrs. Miller, who immediately cried out, 'Guilty, 'upon my honour! Guilty, upon my ſoul!'

Mr. Allworthy ſharply rebuked her for this impetuoſity; and then turning to Blifil, who ſeemed ſinking into the earth, he ſaid, 'Why do you heſitate, 'ſir, at giving me an anſwer? You certainly muſt 'have employed him; for he would not, of his own 'accord, I believe, have undertaken ſuch an errand, 'and eſpecially without acquainting me.'

Blifil then anſwered, 'I own, ſir, I have been 'guilty of an offence, yet may I hope your pardon?' —'My pardon?' ſaid Allworthy, very angrily— 'Nay, ſir,' anſwered Blifil, 'I knew you would be 'offended; yet ſurely my dear uncle will forgive the 'effects of the moſt amiable of humam weakneſſes. 'Compaſſion for thoſe who do not deſerve it, I own 'is a crime; and yet it is a crime from which you 'yourſelf are not entirely free. I know I have been 'guilty of it in more than one inſtance to this very 'man; and I will own I did ſend Mr. Dowling, not 'in a vain and fruitleſs enquiry, but to diſcover the 'witneſſes, and to endeavour to ſoften their evidence. 'This, ſir, is the truth; which, though I intended 'to conceal from you, I will not deny.'

'I confeſs,' ſaid Nightingale, 'this is the light in 'which it appeared to me from the gentleman's be'haviour.'

'Now, madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I believe you 'will once in your life own you have entertained a 'wrong ſuſpicion, and are not ſo angry with my ne'phew as you was.'

Mrs. Miller was ſilent; for though ſhe could not ſo haſtily be pleaſed with Blifil, whom ſhe looked upon to have been the ruin of Jones, yet in this particular inſtance he had impoſed upon her as well as the reſt; ſo entirely had the devil ſtood his friend.

And

And indeed, I look upon the vulgar obſervation, 'That the devil often deſerts his friends, and leaves 'them in the lurch,' to be a great abuſe on that gentleman's character. Perhaps he may ſometimes deſert thoſe who are only his cup acquaintance; or who, at moſt, are but half his; but he generally ſtands by thoſe who are thoroughly his ſervants, and helps them off in all extremities, till their bargain expires.

As a conquered rebellion ſtrengthens a government, or as health is more perfectly eſtabliſhed by recovery from ſome diſeaſes; ſo anger, when removed, often gives new life to affection. This was the caſe of Mr. Allworthy; for Blifil having wiped off the greater ſuſpicion, the leſſer, which had been raiſed by Square's letter, ſunk of courſe, and was forgotten; and Thwackum, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the reflections which Square had caſt on the enemies of Jones.

As for that young man, the reſentment of Mr. Allworthy began more and more to abate towards him. He told Blifil, 'he did not only forgive the extraor-'dinary efforts of his good-nature, but would give 'him the pleaſure of following his example.' Then turning to Mrs. Miller, with a ſmile which would have become an angel, he cried, 'What ſay you, 'madam; ſhall we take a hackney-coach, and all 'of us together pay a viſit to your friend? I promiſe 'you it is not the firſt viſit I have made in a priſon.'

Every reader, I believe, will be able to anſwer for the worthy woman; but they muſt have a great deal of good-nature, and be well acquainted with friendſhip, who can feel what ſhe felt on this occaſion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now paſt in the mind of Blifil; but thoſe who are, will acknowledge, that it was impoſſible for him to raiſe any objection to this viſit. Fortune, however, or the gentleman lately mentioned above, ſtood his friend, and prevented his undergoing ſo great a ſhock: for at the very inſtant when the coach was ſent for, Partridge, arrived,

arrived, and having called Mrs. Miller from the company, acquainted her with the dreadful accident lately come to light; and hearing Mr. Allworthy's intention, begged her to find ſome means of ſtopping him; 'for,' ſays he, 'the matter muſt at all hazards 'be kept a ſecret from him; and if he ſhould now 'go, he will find Mr. Jones and his mother, who 'arrived juſt as I left him, lamenting over one another 'the horrid crime they had ignorantly committed.'

The poor woman, who was almoſt deprived of her ſenſes at this dreadful news, was never leſs capable of invention than at preſent. However, as women are much readier at this than men, ſhe bethought herſelf of an excuſe, and returning to Allworthy, ſaid, 'I am ſure, ſir, you will be ſurprized 'at hearing any objection from me to the kind pro'poſal you juſt now made; and yet I am afraid of 'the conſequence of it, if carried immediately into 'execution. You muſt imagine, ſir, that all the 'calamities which have lately befallen this poor 'young fellow, muſt have thrown into the loweſt de'jection of ſpirits: and now, ſir, ſhould we all on a 'ſudden fling him into ſuch a violent fit of joy as I 'know your preſence will occaſion, it may, I am 'afraid, produce ſome fatal miſchief, eſpecially as 'his ſervant, who is without, tells me he is very far 'from being well.'

'Is his ſervant without?' cries Allworthy; 'pray 'call him hither. I will aſk him ſome queſtions 'concerning his maſter.'

Partridge was at firſt afraid to appear before Mr. Allworthy; but was at length perſuaded, after Mrs. Miller, who had often heard his whole ſtory from his own mouth, had promiſed to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected Partridge the moment he came into the room, though many years had paſſed ſince he had ſeen him. Mrs. Miller therefore might have ſpared here a formal oration, in which indeed ſhe was ſomething prolix; for the reader, I believe, may

may have obſerved already that the good woman, among other things, had a tongue always ready for the ſervice of her friends.

'And are you,' ſaid Allworthy to Partridge, 'the 'ſervant of Mr. Jones?'—'I can't ſay, ſir,' anſwered he, 'that I am regularly a ſervant, but I live with 'him, an't pleaſe your honour, at preſent. *Non ſum 'qualis eram*, as your honour very well knows.'

Mr. Allworthy then aſked him many queſtions concerning Jones as to his health, and other matters; to all which Partridge anſwered, without having the leaſt regard to what was, but conſidered only what he would have things appear; for a ſtrict adherence to truth was not among the articles of this honeſt fellow's morality, or his religion.

During this dialogue Mr. Nightingale took his leave, and preſently after Mrs. Miller left the room, when Allworthy likewiſe diſpatched Blifil, for he imagined that Partridge, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before company. They were no ſooner left in private together, than Allworthy began as in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

In which the hiſtory is farther continued.

'SURE, friend,' ſaid the good man, 'you are the 'ſtrangeſt of all human beings. Not only to 'have ſuffered as you have formerly, for obſtinately 'perſiſting in a falſehood; but to perſiſt in it thus to 'the laſt, and to paſs thus upon the world for the 'ſervant of your own ſon! What intereſt can you 'have in all this? What can be your motive?'

'I ſee, ſir,' ſaid Partridge, falling down upon his knees, 'that your honour is prepoſſeſſed againſt me, 'and reſolved not to believe any thing I ſay, and 'therefore what ſignifies my proteſtations? yet there 'is one above who knows that I am not the father 'of this young man.'

'How?'

'How?' ſaid Allworthy, 'Will you yet deny 'what you was formerly convicted of upon ſuch un-'anſwerable, ſuch manifeſt evidence? Nay, what 'a confirmation is your being now found with this 'very man, of all which twenty years ago appeared 'againſt you. I thought you had left the country; 'nay, I thought you had been long ſince dead —In 'what manner did you know any thing of this young 'man? Where did you meet with him, unleſs you 'had kept ſome correſpondence together? Do not 'deny this; for I promiſe you it will greatly raiſe 'your ſon in my opinion, to find that he hath ſuch a 'ſenſe of filial duty, as privately to ſupport his father 'for ſo many years.'

'If your honour will have patience to hear me,' ſaid Partridge, 'I will tell you all.'—Being bid go on, he proceeded thus: 'when your honour con-'ceived that diſpleaſure againſt me, it ended in my 'ruin ſoon after; for I loſt my little ſchool; and the 'miniſter, thinking, I ſuppoſe, it would be agreeable 'to your honour, turned me out from the office of 'clerk; ſo that I had nothing to truſt to but the bar-'ber's ſhop, which, in a country place like that, is a 'poor livelihood; and when my wife died (for till 'that time I received a penſion of 12l. a year from an 'unknown hand, which indeed I believe was your 'honour's own, for no body that ever I heard of doth 'theſe things beſides) but as I was ſaying, when ſhe 'died, this penſion forſook me; ſo that now as I 'owed two or three ſmall debts, which began to be 'troubleſome to me, particularly one * which an at-'torney brought up by law-charges from 15s. to near '30l. and as I found all my uſual means of living had 'for-

* This is a fact which I knew happen to a poor clergyman in Dorſetſhire, by the villany of an attorney, who not contented with the exorbitant coſts to which the poor man was put by a ſingle action, brought afterwards another action on the judgment,

'forſook me, I packed up my little all as well as I 'could, and went off.

The firſt place I came to was Saliſbury, where I 'got into the ſervice of a gentleman belonging to the 'law, and one of the beſt gentlemen that ever I 'knew; for he was not only good to me, but I know 'a thouſand good and charitable acts which he did 'while I ſtaid with him; and I have known him of-'ten refuſe buſineſs, becauſe it was paltry and op-'preſſive.'—'You need not be ſo particular,' ſaid Allworthy; 'I know this gentleman, and a very wor-'thy man he is, and an honour to his profeſſion.'—'Well, ſir,' continued Partridge, 'from hence I re-'moved to Lymington, where I was above three 'years in the ſervice of another lawyer, who was 'likewiſe a very good ſort of a man, and to be ſure 'one of the merrieſt gentlemen in England. Well, 'ſir, at the end of the three years I ſet up a little 'ſchool, and was likely to do well again, had it not 'been for a moſt unlucky accident. Here I kept 'a pig; and one day, as ill fortune would have it, 'this big broke out, and did a treſpaſs I think they 'call it, in a garden belonging to one of my neigh-'bours, who was a proud, revengeful man, and em-'ployed a lawyer, one—one—I can't think of his 'name; but he ſent for a writ againſt me, and had 'me to *ſize*. When I came there, Lord have mercy 'upon me!—to hear what the counſellors ſaid. There 'was one that told my lord a parcel of the confound-'edſt lies about me; he ſaid, that I uſed to drive 'my hogs into other folks gardens, and a great deal 'more; and at laſt he ſaid, he hoped I had at laſt 'brought my hogs to a fair market. To be ſure, one 'would have thought, that inſtead of being owner 'only of one poor little pig, I had been the greateſt 'hog-

as it was called. A method frequently uſed to oppreſs the poor, and bring money into the pockets of attornies, to the great ſcandal of the law, of the nation, of chriſtianity, and even of human nature itſelf.

'hog-merchant in England. Well'—'Pray,' ſaid Allworthy, 'do not be ſo particular. I have heard 'nothing of your ſon yet.' 'O it was a great many 'years,' anſwered Partridge, 'before I ſaw my ſon, 'as you are pleaſed to call him.—I went over to Ire-'land after this, and taught ſchool at Cork, (for that 'one ſuit ruined me again, and I lay ſeven years in 'Wincheſter gaol.)'—'Well,' ſaid Allworthy, 'paſs 'that over till your return to England.'—'Then, ſir,' ſaid he, 'it was about half a year ago that I landed 'at Briſtol, where I ſtayed ſome time, and not find-'ing it do there, and hearing of a place between that 'and Glouceſter, where the barber was juſt dead, I 'went thither, and there I had been about two months 'when Mr. Jones came thither.' He then gave Allwor-thy a very particular account of their firſt meeting, and of every thing, as well as he could remember, which had happened from that day to this; frequently inter-larding his ſtory with panegyrics on Jones, and not forgetting to inſinuate the great love and reſpect which he had for Allworthy. He concluded with ſaying, 'now, ſir, I have told your honour the whole truth.' And then repeated a moſt ſolemn proteſtation, 'that 'he was no more the father of Jones than of the pope 'of Rome;' and imprecated the moſt bitter curſes on his head, if he did not ſpeak truth.

'What am I to think of this matter?' cries All-worthy. 'For what purpoſe ſhould you ſo ſtrongly 'deny a fact, which I think it would be rather your 'intereſt to own?'—'Nay, ſir,' anſwered Partridge, (for he could hold no longer) 'if your honour will 'not believe me, you are like ſoon to have ſatisfaction 'enough. I wiſh you had miſtaken the mother of 'this young man, as well as you have his father.' —And now being aſked what he meant with all the ſymptoms of horror, both in his voice and counte-nance, he told Allworthy the whole ſtory, which he had a little before expreſſed ſuch a deſire to Mrs. Mil-ler to conceal from him.

All-

Allworthy was almoſt as much ſhocked at this diſcovery as Partridge himſelf had been while he related it. 'Good heavens!' ſays he, 'in what miſerable 'diſtreſſes do vice and imprudence involve men! 'How much beyond our deſigns are the effects of 'wickedneſs ſometimes carried!' He had ſcarce uttered theſe words when Mrs. Waters came haſtily and abruptly into the room. Partridge no ſooner ſaw her, than he cried, 'Here, ſir, here is the very woman 'herſelf. This is the unfortunate mother of Mr. 'Jones; I am ſure ſhe will acquit me before your 'honour.—Pray, madam'——

Mrs. Waters, without paying any regard to what Partridge ſaid, and almoſt without taking any notice of him, advanced to Mr. Allworthy. 'I believe, 'ſir, it is ſo long ſince I had the honour of ſeeing 'you, that you do not recollect me.'—'Indeed,' anſwered Allworthy, 'you are ſo very much altered, 'on many accounts, that had not this man already 'acquainted me who you are, I ſhould not have im'mediately called you to my remembrance. Have 'you, madam, any particular buſineſs which brings 'you to me?'—Allworthy ſpoke this with great reſerve; for the reader may eaſily believe he was not well pleaſed with the conduct of this lady; neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what Partridge had now delivered.

Mrs. Waters anſwered,——'Indeed, ſir, I have 'very particular buſineſs with you; and it is ſuch as 'I can impart only to yourſelf.—I muſt deſire there'fore the favour of a word with you alone; for I 'aſſure you, what I have to tell you is of the utmoſt 'importance,'

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw; but before he went, he begged the lady to ſatisfy Mr. Allworthy that he was perfectly innocent. To which ſhe anſwered,—'You need be under no apprehenſion, 'ſir, I ſhall ſatisfy Mr. Allworthy very perfectly of 'that matter.'

Then

Then Partridge withdrew, and that paſt between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Waters which is written in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Continuation of the hiſtory.

MRS. Waters remaining a few moments ſilent, Mr. Allworthy could not refrain from ſaying, 'I am ſorry, madam, to perceive, by what I have 'ſince heard, that you have made ſo very ill a uſe' —'Mr. Allworthy,' ſays ſhe, interrupting him, 'I 'know I have faults, but ingratitude to you is not 'one of them. I never can nor ſhall forget your 'goodneſs, which I own I have very little de'ſerved; but be pleaſed to wave all upbraiding me 'at preſent, as I have ſo important an affair to com'municate to you concerning this young man, to 'whom you have given my maiden name of Jones.'

'Have I then,' ſaid Allworthy, 'ignorantly pu'niſhed an innocent man, in the perſon of him who 'hath juſt left us? Was he not the father of the child?' —'Indeed he was not,' ſaid Mrs. Waters. 'You 'may be pleaſed to remember, ſir, I formerly told 'you, you ſhould one day know; and I acknowledge 'myſelf to have been guilty of a cruel neglect in not 'having diſcovered it to you before. Indeed I little 'knew how neceſſary it was.'—'Well, madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'be pleaſed to proceed.' 'You muſt 'remember, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'a young fellow, whoſe 'name was Summer.' 'Very well,' cries Allworthy, 'he was the ſon of a clergyman of great learn'ing and virtue, for whom I had the higheſt friend'ſhip.' 'So it appeared, ſir,' anſwered ſhe; 'for I 'believe you bred the young man up, and maintained 'him at the univerſity; where, I think, he had finiſh'ed his ſtudies, when he came to reſide at your houſe; 'a finer man, I muſt ſay, the ſun never ſhone upon; 'for, beſides the handſomeſt perſon I ever ſaw, he 'was ſo genteel, and had ſo much wit and good

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'breeding'—'Poor gentleman,' ſaid Allworthy, 'he was indeed untimely ſnatched away; and little 'did I think he had any ſins of this kind to anſwer 'for; for I plainly perceive, you are going to tell 'me he was the father of your child.'

'Indeed, ſir,' anſwered ſhe, 'he was not.' 'How?' ſaid Allworthy, 'to what then tends all this preface?' 'To a ſtory, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, which I am concerned 'falls to my lot to unfold to you.—O, ſir, prepare 'to hear ſomething which will ſurprize you, will 'grieve you.' 'Speak,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I am 'conſcious of no crime, and cannot be afraid to 'hear.'—'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Mr. Summer the ſon 'of your friend, educated at your expence, who, 'after living a year in the houſe, as if he had been 'your own ſon, died there of the ſmall-pox, was ten-'derly lamented by you, and buried as if he had been 'your own; that Summer, ſir, was the father of this 'child.'—'How!' ſaid Allworthy, 'you contradict 'yourſelf.'—'That I do not,' anſwered ſhe; 'he 'was indeed the father of this child, but not by me.' 'Take care, madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'do not, to 'ſhun the imputation of any crime, be guilty of 'falſehood. Remember there is one from whom 'you can conceal nothing, and before whoſe tribu-'nal falſehood will only aggravate your guilt.'—'Indeed, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am not his mother; nor 'would I now think myſelf ſo for the world.' 'I 'know your reaſon,' ſaid Allworthy, 'and ſhall re-'joice as much as you to find it otherwiſe; yet you 'muſt remember, you yourſelf confeſt it before me.' '—'So far what I confeſt,' ſaid ſhe, 'was true, that 'theſe hands conveyed the infant to your bed; 'conveyed it thither at the command of its mo-'mother; at her commands I afterwards owned 'it, and thought myſelf, by her generoſity, nobly 'rewarded, both for my ſecrecy and my ſhame. '—Who could this woman be?' ſaid Allwor-thy. 'Indeed I tremble to name her,' anſwered

Mrs.

Mrs. Waters. 'By all this preparation I am to guess 'that she was a relation of mine,' cried he. 'Indeed 'she was a near one.' At which words Allworthy 'started, and she continued—'You had a sister, sir,' '—'A sister!' repeated he, looking aghast.—'As 'there is truth in heaven,' cries she, 'your sister 'was the mother of that child you found between 'your sheets.' 'Can it be possible?' cries he, 'good 'heavens!' 'Have patience, sir,' said Mrs. Waters, 'and I will unfold to you the whole story. Just 'after your departure for London, Miss Bridget 'came one day to the house of my mother. She 'was pleased to say, she had heard an extraordinary 'character of me, for my learning and superior un-'derstanding to all the young women there; so she 'was pleased to say. She then bid me come to her 'to the great house; where, when I attended, she 'employed me to read to her. She expressed great 'satisfaction in my reading, shewed great kindness 'to me, and made me many presents. At last she 'began to catechise me on the subject of secrecy, to 'which I gave her such satisfactory answers, that, at 'last having locked the door of her room, she took 'me into her closet, and then locking that door like-'wise, she said, she should convince me of the vast 'reliance she had on my integrity, by communicating 'a secret in which her honour, and consequently her 'life, was concerned. She then stopt, and after a silence 'of a few minutes, during which she often wiped her 'eyes, she enquired of me, if I thought my mother 'might safely be confided in. I answered, I would 'stake my life on her fidelity.——She then im-'parted to me the great secret which laboured 'in her breast, and which, I believe, was delivered 'with more pains than she afterwards suffered in 'child-birth. It was then contrived, that my mo-'ther and myself only should attend at the time, and 'that Mrs. Wilkins should be sent out of the way, as 'she accordingly was, to the very furthest part of

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'Dorſetſhire, to enquire the character of a ſervant; 'for the lady had turned away her own maid near 'three months before; during all which time I of- 'ficiated about her perſon upon trial, as ſhe ſaid, 'though, as ſhe afterwards declared, I was not ſuf- 'ficiently handy for the place. This, and many 'other ſuch things which ſhe uſed to ſay of me, were 'all thrown out to prevent any ſuſpicion which Wil- 'kins might hereafter have, when I was to own the 'child; for ſhe thought it could never be believed 'ſhe would venture to hurt a young woman with 'whom ſhe had intruſted ſuch a ſecret. You may 'be aſſured, ſir, I was well paid for all theſe affronts, 'which, together with being informed with the oc- 'caſion of them, very well contented me. Indeed 'the lady had a greater ſuſpicion of Mrs. Wilkins 'than of any other perſon; not that ſhe had the leaſt 'averſion to the gentlewoman, but ſhe thought her 'incapable of keeping a ſecret, eſpecially from you, 'ſir: for I have often heard Miſs Bridget ſay, that 'if Mrs. Wilkins had committed a murder, ſhe be- 'lieved ſhe would acquaint you with it. At laſt the 'expected day came, and Mrs. Wilkins who had 'been kept a week in readineſs, and put off from 'time to time, upon ſome pretence or other, that ſhe 'might not return too ſoon, was diſpatched. Then 'the child was born, in the preſence only of 'myſelf and my mother, and was by my mother 'conveyed to her own houſe, where it was privately 'kept by her till the evening of your return, when I, 'by the command of Miſs Bridget, conveyed it into 'the bed where you found it. And all ſuſpicions 'were afterwards laid aſleep by the artful conduct 'of your ſiſter, in pretending ill-will to the boy, and 'that any regard ſhe ſhewed him was out of mere 'complaiſance to you.'

Mrs. Waters then made many proteſtations of the truth of this ſtory, and concluded by ſaying, 'Thus, 'ſir, you have at laſt diſcovered your nephew; for

'ſo

'so I am sure you will hereafter think him, and I 'question not but he will be both an honour and a 'comfort to you under that appellation.'

'I need not, madam,' said Allworthy, 'express 'my astonishment at what you have told me; and 'yet surely you would not, and could not, have put 'together so many circumstances to evidence an un-'truth. I confess, I recollect some passages relating 'to that Summer, which formerly gave me a con-'ceit, that my sister had some liking to him. I men-'tioned it to her: for I had such a regard to the 'young man, as well on his account as on his father's, 'that I should willingly have consented to a match 'between them; but she exprest the highest disdain 'of my unkind suspicion, as she called it; so that I 'never spoke more on the subject. Good heavens! 'Well! the Lord disposeth all things.—Yet sure it 'was a most unjustifiable conduct in my sister to 'carry this secret with her out of the world.' 'I 'promise you, sir,' said Mrs. Waters, 'she always 'profest a contrary intention, and frequently told 'me, she intended one day to communicate it to 'you. She said indeed she was highly rejoiced that 'her plot had succeeded so well, and that you had 'of your own accord taken such a fancy to the child, 'that it was yet unnecessary to make any express de-'claration. Oh! sir, had that lady lived to have 'seen this poor young man turned like a vagabond 'from your house; nay, sir, could she have lived to 'hear that you had yourself employed a lawyer to 'prosecute him for a murder of which he was not 'guilty—Forgive me, Mr. Allworthy, I must say it 'was unkind—Indeed you have been abused; he 'never deserved it of you.' 'Indeed, madam,' said Allworthy, 'I have been abused by the person who-'ever he was that told you so.' 'Nay, sir,' said she, 'I would not be mistaken, I did not presume 'to say you were guilty of any wrong. The gentle-'man who came to me proposed no such matter:

'he only said, taking me for Mr. Fitzpatrick's wife, 'that if Mr. Jones had murdered my husband, I 'should be assisted with any money I wanted to 'carry on the prosecution, by a very worthy gentle-'man, who, he said, was well apprized what a vil-'lain I had to deal with. It was by this man I 'found out who Mr. Jones was; and this man, 'whose name is Dowling, Mr. Jones tells me, is 'your steward. I discovered his name by a very 'odd accident; for he himself refused to tell it me; 'but Partridge, who met him at my lodgings the 'second time he came, knew him formerly at Salis-'bury.'

'And did this Mr Dowling,' says Allworthy, with great astonishment in his countenance, 'tell you 'that I would assist in the prosecution?'—'No, sir, answered she. 'I will not charge him wrongfully. 'He said I should be assisted, but he mentioned no 'name.—Yet you must pardon me, sir, if from cir-'cumstances I thought it could be no other.'—— 'Indeed, madam,' says Allworthy, 'from circum-'stances I am too well convinced it was another.— 'Good heaven! by what wonderful means is the 'blackest and deepest villany sometimes discovered! '—Shall I beg you, madam, to stay till the person 'you have mentioned comes; for I expect him 'every minute; nay, he may be, perhaps, already 'in the house.'

Allworthy then stept to the door, in order to call a servant, when in came, not Mr. Dowling, but the gentleman who will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Further continuation.

THE gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. Western. He no sooner saw Allworthy, than, without considering in the least the presence of Mrs. Waters, he began to vociferate in the

the following manner: 'fine doings at my houſe: A 'rare kettle of fiſh I have diſcovered at laſt: who the 'devil would be plagued with a daughter?' 'What's 'the matter, neighbour?' ſaid Allworthy. 'Matter 'enough,' anſwered Weſtern; 'when I thought ſhe 'was a juſt coming to; nay, when ſhe had in a man-'ner promiſed me to do as I would ha her, and when 'I was a hoped to have had nothing more to do than 'to have ſent for the lawyer, and finiſhed all, what do 'you think I have found out? that the little b— hath 'been playing tricks with me all the while, and carry-'ing on a correſpondence with that baſtard of yours. 'Siſter Weſtern, whom I have quarrelled with upon 'her account, ſent me word o't, and I ordered her 'pockets to be ſearched when ſhe was aſleep, and 'here I have got un ſigned with the ſon of a whore's 'own name. I have not had patience to read half o't, 'for 'tis longer than one of parſon Supple's ſermons; 'but I find plainly it is all about love; and indeed 'what ſhould it be elſe? I have packed her up in 'chamber again, and tomorrow morning down ſhe 'goes into the country, unleſs ſhe conſents to be mar-'ried directly, and there ſhe ſhall live in a garret 'upon bread and water all her days; and the ſooner 'ſuch a b— breaks her heart the better, though d—n 'her, that I believe is too tough. She will live long 'enough to plague me.' 'Mr. Weſtern,' anſwered Allworthy, 'you know I have always proteſted 'againſt force, and you yourſelf conſented that none 'ſhould be uſed.' Ay!' cries he, 'that was only 'upon condition that ſhe would conſent without. 'What the devil and doctor Fauſtus! ſhan't I do what 'I will with my own daughter, eſpecially when I 'deſire nothing but her own good?' 'Well, neigh-'bour,' anſwered Allworthy, 'if you will give me 'leave, I will undertake once to argue with the young 'lady.' 'Will you? ſaid Weſtern, 'why that is kind 'now and neighbourly, and mayhap you will do 'more than I have been able to do with her; for I

'promise you she hath a very good opinion of you.' 'Well, sir,' said Allworthy, 'if you will go home, 'and release the young lady from her captivity, I 'will wait upon her within this half hour.'—But sup- 'pose,' said Western, 'she should run away with 'un in the mean time? for lawyer Dowling tells me 'there is no hopes of hanging the fellow at last; for 'that the man is alive, and like to do well, and that 'he thinks Jones will be out of prison again presently.'——'How!' said Allworthy, 'what did you 'employ him then to enquire or to do any thing in 'that matter?' 'Not I,' answered Western, 'he 'mentioned it to me just now of his own accord.' 'Just now!' cries Allworthy, 'why where did you 'see him then? I want much to see Mr. Dowling.' 'Why you may see un an you will presently at my 'lodgings; for there is to be a meeting of lawyers 'there this morning, about a mortgage.—Icod; I 'shall lose two or three thousand pounds, I believe, by 'that honest gentleman, Mr. Nightingale.'—'Well, 'sir,' said Allworthy, 'I will be with you within 'the half hour.' And do for once,' cries the Squire, 'take fool's advice; never think of dealing with her 'by gentle methods; take my word for it those will 'never do. I have tried um long enough. She must 'be frightened into it, there is no other way. Tell 'her I'm her father; and of the horrid sin of disobe- 'dience, and of the dreadful punishment of it in t'o- 'ther world, and then tell her about being locked up 'all her life in a garret in this, and being kept on- 'ly on bread and water.' 'I will do all I can,' said Allworthy; 'for I promise you, there is nothing I 'wish for more than an alliance with this amiable 'creature.' 'Nay, the girl is well enough for mat- 'ter o'that,' cries the squire, 'a man may go farther 'and meet with worse meat; that I may declare 'o'her, thof she be my own daughter. And if she 'will but be obedient to me, there is n'arrow a fa- 'ther within a hundred miles o' the place, that loves

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'a daughter better than I do: but I ſee you are buſy 'with the lady here, ſo I will go huome and expect 'you, and ſo your humble ſervant.'

As ſoon as Mr. Weſtern was gone, Mrs. Waters ſaid, 'I ſee, ſir, the ſquire hath not the leaſt remem-'brance of my face. I believe, Mr. Allworthy, 'you would not have known me neither. I am very 'conſiderably altered ſince that day when you ſo 'kindly gave me that advice, which I had been hap-'py had I followed.'—'Indeed, madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it gave me great concern when I firſt 'heard the contrary.' 'Indeed, ſir,' ſays ſhe, 'I 'was ruined by a very deep ſcheme of villainy, 'which if you knew, though I pretend not to think 'it would juſtify me in your opinion, it would at 'leaſt mitigate my offence, and induce you to pity 'me; you are not now at leiſure to hear my whole 'ſtory; but this I aſſure you, I was betrayed by 'the moſt ſolemn promiſes of marriage; nay, in the 'eye of heaven I was married to him: for after 'much reading on the ſubject, I am convinced that 'particular ceremonies are only requiſite to give a 'legal ſanction to marriage, and have only a worldly 'uſe in giving a woman the privileges of a wife; 'but that ſhe who lives conſtant to one man, after 'a ſolemn private affiance, whatever the world may 'call her, hath little to charge on her own conſci-'ence.' 'I am ſorry, madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you made ſo ill an uſe of your learning. Indeed it 'would have been well that you had been poſſeſſed 'of much more, or had remained in a ſtate of igno-'rance. And yet, madam, I am afraid you have 'more than this ſin to anſwer for.' 'During his 'life,' anſwered ſhe, 'which was above a dozen 'years, I moſt ſolemnly aſſure you, I had not. And 'conſider, ſir, on my behalf, what is in the power 'of a woman ſtript of her reputation, and left deſ-'titute; whether the good-natured world will ſuffer 'ſuch a ſtray ſheep to return to the road of virtue,

'even if she was never so desirous. I protest then, I 'would have chose it, had it been in my power; but 'necessity drove me into the arms of Captain Wa- 'ters, with whom, though still unmarried, I lived 'as a wife for many years, and went by his name. 'I parted with this gentleman at Worcester, on his 'march against the rebels, and it was then I acci- 'dentally met with Mr. Jones, who rescued me from 'the hands of a villain. Indeed he is the worthiest 'of men. No young gentleman of his age is, I be- 'lieve, freer from vice, and few have the twentieth 'part of his virtues; nay, whatever vices he hath 'had, I am firmly persuaded he hath now taken a 'resolution to abandon them.' 'I hope he hath,' cries Allworthy, 'and I hope he will preserve that 'resolution. I must say I have still the same hope, 'with regard to yourself. The world, I do agree, 'are apt to be too unmerciful on these occasions; yet 'time and perseverance will get the better of this 'their disinclination, as I may call it, to pity; for 'though they are not, like heaven, ready to receive a 'penitent sinner; yet a continued repentance will at 'length obtain mercy even with the world. This 'you may be assured of, Mrs. Waters, that whenever 'I find you are sincere in such good intentions, you 'shall want no assistance in my power to make them 'effectual.'

Mrs. Waters fell now upon her knees before him, and, in a flood of tears, made him many most passionate acknowledgments of his goodness, which, as she truly said, savoured more of the divine than human nature.

Allworthy raised her up, and spoke in the most tender manner, making use of every expression which his invention could suggest to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Dowling, who, upon his first entrance, seeing Mrs Waters, started, and appeared in some confusion; from which he soon recovered himself as well as he could, and then said,

ſaid, he was in the utmoſt haſte to attend council at Mr. Weſtern's lodgings; but, however, thought it his duty to call and acquaint him with the opinion of council, upon the caſe which he had before told him, which was, that the converſion of the moneys in that caſe could not be queſtioned in a criminal cauſe, but that an action of trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the jury to be the moneys of plaintiff, that plaintiff would recover a verdict for the value.

Allworthy, without making any anſwer to this, bolted the door, and then advancing with a ſtern look to Dowling, he ſaid, 'Whatever be your haſte, ſir, 'I muſt firſt receive an anſwer to ſome queſtions. 'Do you know this lady?'—'That lady, ſir?' anſwered Dowling, with great heſitation. Allworthy then, with the moſt ſolemn voice, ſaid, 'Look you, 'Mr. Dowling, as you value my favour, or your 'continuance a moment longer in my ſervice, do 'not heſitate nor prevaricate; but anſwer faithfully 'and truly to every queſtion I aſk.—Do you know 'this lady?'—'Yes, ſir,' ſaid Dowling, 'I have 'ſeen the lady.' 'Where, ſir?' 'At her own 'lodgings.'——'Upon what buſineſs did you go 'thither, ſir; and who ſent you?' 'I went, ſir, to 'enquire, ſir, about Jones.' 'And who ſent you 'to enquire about him?' 'Who, ſir? why, ſir, Mr. 'Bliſil ſent me.' 'And what did you ſay to the 'lady concerning that matter?' 'Nay, ſir, it is 'impoſſible to recollect every word.' 'Will you 'pleaſe, madam, to aſſiſt the gentleman's memory?' 'He told me, ſir,' ſaid Mrs. Waters, "That if Mr. "Jones had murdered my huſband, I ſhould be aſ-"ſiſted with any money I wanted to carry on the "proſecution, by a very worthy gentleman, who was "well apprized what a villain I had to deal with." 'Theſe, I can ſafely ſwear, were the very words he 'ſpoke.'—'Were theſe the words, ſir? ſaid Allworthy. 'I cannot charge my memory exactly,'

cries Dowling, 'but I believe I did ſpeak to that 'purpoſe.'—'And did Mr. Blifil order you to ſay 'ſo?' 'I am ſure, ſir, I ſhould not have gone on 'my own accord, nor have willingly exceeded my 'authority in matters of this kind. If I ſaid ſo, I 'muſt have ſo underſtood Mr. Blifil's inſtructions.' 'Look you, Mr. Dowling,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I 'promiſe you before this lady, that whatever you 'have done in this affair by Mr. Blifil's order, I 'will forgive, provided you now tell me ſtrictly 'the truth: for I believe what you ſay, that you 'would not have acted of your own accord, and 'without authority, in this matter.—Mr. Blifil then 'likewiſe ſent you to examine the two fellows at 'Alderſgate?'——'He did, ſir.' 'Well, and what 'inſtructions did he then give you? Recollect as well 'as you can, and tell me, as near as poſſible, the very 'words he uſed.'——'Why, ſir, Mr. Blifil ſent me 'to find out the perſons who were eye-witneſſes of 'this fight. He ſaid, he feared they might be tamper-'ed with by Mr. Jones, or ſome of his friends. He 'ſaid, blood required blood; and that not only all 'who concealed a murderer, but thoſe who omitted 'any thing in their power to bring him to juſtice, 'were ſharers in his guilt. He ſaid, he found you 'was very deſirous of having the villain brought to 'juſtice, though it was not proper you ſhould appear 'in it.'—'He did ſo?' ſaid Allworthy.—'Yes, 'ſir;' cries Dowling, 'I ſhould not, I am ſure, 'have proceeded ſuch lengths for the ſake of any 'other perſon living but your worſhip.'—'What 'lengths, ſir?' ſaid Allworthy.—'Nay, ſir,' cries Dowling, 'I would not have your worſhip think I 'would, on any account, be guilty of ſubornation of 'perjury; but there are two ways of delivering evi-'dence. I told them therefore, that if any offers 'ſhould be made them on the other ſide, they ſhould 'refuſe them, and that they might be aſſured they 'ſhould loſe nothing by being honeſt men, and tell-

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'ing the truth. I ſaid, we were told, that Mr. 'Jones had aſſaulted the gentleman firſt, and that if 'that was the truth they ſhould declare it; and I 'did give them ſome hints that they ſhould be no 'loſers.'——'I think you went lengths indeed,' cries Allworthy.——'Nay, ſir,' anſwered Dowling, 'I 'am ſure I did not deſire them to tell an untruth;— 'nor ſhould I have ſaid what I did, unleſs it had 'been to oblige you.'——'You would not have 'thought, I believe,' ſays Allworthy, 'to have ob- 'liged me, had you known that this Mr. Jones was 'my own nephew.'—'I am ſure, ſir,' anſwered he, 'it did not become me to take any notice of what I 'thought you deſired to conceal.'—'How!' cries Allworthy, 'and did you know it then?'——'Nay, 'ſir,' anſwered Dowling, 'if your worſhip bids me 'ſpeak the truth, I am ſure I ſhall do it.—Indeed, 'ſir, I did know it; for they were almoſt the laſt 'words which madam Blifil ever ſpoke, which ſhe 'mentioned to me as I ſtood alone by her bedſide, 'when ſhe delivered me the letter I brought your 'worſhip from her.'—'What letter?' cries All- 'worthy?——'The letter, ſir,' anſwered Dowling, 'which I brought from Saliſbury, and which I de- 'livered into the hands of Mr. Blifil.'—'O hea- 'vens!'—cries Allworthy. 'Well, and what were 'the words? What did my ſiſter ſay to you?'—— 'She took me by the hand,' anſwered he, 'and as 'ſhe delivered me the letter, ſaid, "I ſcarce know "what I have written. Tell my brother, Mr. "Jones is his nephew—he is my ſon.—Bleſs him," 'ſays ſhe, and then fell backward, as if dying away. 'I preſently called in the people, and ſhe never 'ſpoke more to me, and died within a few minutes 'afterwards.'—Allworthy ſtood a minute ſilent, lifting up his eyes, and then turning to Dowling, ſaid,—'How came you, ſir, not to deliver me this 'meſſage?' 'Your worſhip,' anſwered he, 'muſt 'remember that you was at that time ill in bed;

'and being in a violent hurry, as indeed I always 'am, I delivered the letter and meſſage to Mr. Bli-'fil, who told me he would carry them both to you, 'which he hath ſince told me he did, and that your 'worſhip, partly out of friendſhip to Mr. Jones, 'and partly out of regard to your ſiſter, would never 'have it mentioned; and did intend to conceal it 'from the world; and therefore, ſir, if you had 'not mentioned it to me firſt, I am certain I ſhould 'never have thought it belonged to me to ſay any 'thing of the matter, either to your worſhip, or any 'other perſon.'

We have remarked ſomewhere already, than it is poſſible for a man to convey a lie in the words of truth. This was the caſe at preſent: for Blifil had in fact told Dowling what he now related; but had not impoſed upon him, nor indeed had imagined that he was able ſo to do. In reality, the promiſes which Blifil had made to Dowling, were the motives which had induced him to ſecrecy; and as he very plainly ſaw Blifil would not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this confeſſion, which the promiſes of forgiveneſs, joined to the threats, the voice, the looks of Allworthy, and the diſcoveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was beſides taken unawares, and had no time to conſider of evaſions.

Allworthy appeared well ſatisfied with this relation, and having enjoined on Dowling ſtrict ſilence as to what had paſt, conducted that gentleman himſelf to the door, leſt he ſhould ſee Blifil, who was returned to his chamber, where he exulted in the thoughts of his laſt deceit on his uncle, and little ſuſpected what had ſince paſſed below ſtairs.

As Allworthy was returning to his room, he met Mrs. Miller in the entry, who, with a face all pale and full of terror, ſaid to him, 'O! ſir, I find this 'wicked woman hath been with you, and you know 'all; yet do not on this account abandon the poor 'young

'young man. Conſider, ſir, he was ignorant it was 'his own mother; and the diſcovery itſelf will moſt 'probably break his heart, without your unkind-'neſs.'

'Madam,' ſays Allworthy, 'I am under ſuch an 'aſtoniſhment at what I have heard, that I am real-'ly unable to ſatisfy you; but come with me into 'my room. Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I have made ſur-'prizing diſcoveries, and you ſhall ſoon know them.'

The poor woman followed him trembling; and now Allworthy going up to Mrs. Waters, took her by the hand, and then turning to Mrs. Miller, ſaid, 'what reward ſhall I beſtow upon this gentlewoman 'for the ſervices ſhe hath done me?—O! Mrs. Mil-'ler, you have a thouſand times heard me call the 'young man, to whom you are ſo faithful a friend, 'my ſon. Little did I then think he was indeed re-'lated to me at all.—Your friend, madam, is my 'nephew; he is the brother of that wicked vi-'per which I have ſo long nouriſhed in my boſom. 'She will herſelf tell you the whole ſtory, and how 'the youth came to paſs for her ſon. Indeed, Mrs. 'Miller, I am convinced that he hath been wronged, 'and that I have been abuſed by one whom you too 'juſtly ſuſpected of being a villain. He is, in truth, 'the worſt of villains.'

The joy which Mrs. Miller now felt, bereſt her of the power of ſpeech, and might perhaps have de-prived her of her ſenſes, if not of life, had not a friendly ſhower of tears come ſeaſonably to her relief. At length recovering ſo far from her tranſport as to be able to ſpeak, ſhe cried, 'And is my dear Mr. 'Jones then your nephew, ſir; and not the ſon of 'this lady? and are your eyes opened to him at laſt; 'and ſhall I live to ſee him as happy as he deſerves!' 'He certainly is my nephew,' ſays Allworthy, and I 'hope all the reſt.'—'And is this dear good woman 'the perſon,' cries ſhe, 'to whom all this diſcovery 'is owing?'—'She is indeed, ſays Allworthy.—

'Why then,' cried Mrs. Miller, upon her knees, 'heaven ſhower down its choiceſt bleſſings upon her 'head, and for this one good action forgive her all 'her ſins, be they never ſo many.'

Mrs. Waters then informed them, that ſhe believed Jones would very ſhortly be releaſed; for that the ſurgeon was gone, in company with a nobleman, to the juſtice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. Fitzpatrick was out of all manner of danger, and to procure the priſoner his liberty.

Allworthy ſaid, he ſhould be glad to find his nephew there at his return home; but that he was then obliged to go on ſome buſineſs of conſequence. He then called to a ſervant to fetch him a chair, and preſently left the two ladies together.

Mr. Blifil hearing the chair ordered, came down ſtairs to attend upon his uncle; for he never was deficient in ſuch acts of duty. He aſked his uncle if he was going out? which is a civil way of aſking a man where he is going: to which the other making no anſwer, he again deſired to know, when he would be pleaſed to return?—Allworthy made no anſwer to this neither, till he was juſt getting into his chair, and then turning about, he ſaid—'Harkee, ſir, do you 'find out, before my return, the letter which your 'mother ſent me on her death-bed.' Allworthy then departed, and left Blifil in a ſituation to be envied only by a man who is juſt going to be hanged.

CHAP. IX.

A further continuation.

ALLWORTHY took an opportunity, whilſt he was in the chair, of reading the letter from Jones to Sophia, which Weſtern delivered him; and there were ſome expreſſions in it concerning himſelf, which drew tears from his eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. Weſtern's, and was introduced to Sophia.

When the firſt ceremonies were paſt, and the gentleman

man and lady had taken their chairs, a ſilence of ſome minutes enſued; during which the latter, who had been prepared for the viſit by her father, ſat playing with her fan, and had every mark of confuſion both in countenance and behaviour. At length Allworthy, who was himſelf a little diſconcerted, began thus: 'I am afraid, Miſs Weſtern, my family 'hath been the occaſion of giving you ſome uneaſi-'neſs; to which, I fear, I have innocently become 'more inſtrumental than I intended. Be aſſured, 'madam, had I at firſt known how diſagreeable the 'propoſals had been, I ſhould not have ſuffered you 'to have been ſo long perſecuted. I hope therefore, 'you will not think the deſign of this viſit is to trou-'ble you with any further ſolicitation of that kind, 'but entirely to relieve you from them.'

'Sir,' ſaid Sophia, with a little modeſt heſitation, 'this behaviour is moſt kind and generous, and ſuch 'as I could expect only from Mr. Allworthy: but 'as you have been ſo kind to mention this matter, 'you will pardon me for ſaying it hath indeed given 'me great uneaſineſs, and hath been the occaſion of 'my ſuffering much cruel treatment from a father, 'who was, till that unhappy affair, the tendereſt and 'fondeſt of all parents. I am convinced, ſir, you are 'too good and generous to reſent my refuſal of your 'nephew. Our inclinations are not in our own 'power; and whatever may be his merit, I cannot 'force them in his favour.' 'I aſſure you, moſt 'amiable young lady,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I am capa-'ble of no ſuch reſentment, had the perſon been my 'own ſon, and had I entertained the higheſt eſteem 'for him. For you ſay truly, madam, we cannot 'force our inclinations, much leſs can they be di-'rected by another.' 'Oh! ſir,' anſwered Sophia, 'every word you ſpeak proves you to deſerve that 'good, that great, that benevolent character the whole 'world allows you. I aſſure you, ſir, nothing leſs 'than the certain proſpect of future miſery could

'have

'have made me reſiſt the commands of my father.'
'I ſincerely believe you, madam,' replied Allworthy, 'and I heartily congratulate you on your prudent foreſight, ſince by ſo juſtifiable a reſiſtance you have avoided miſery indeed.' 'You ſpeak now, Mr. Allworthy,' cries ſhe, 'with a delicacy which few men are capable of feeling; but ſurely in my opinion, to lead our lives with one to whom we are indifferent, muſt be a ſtate of wretchedneſs.—Perhaps that wretchedneſs would be even increaſed by a ſenſe of the merits of the object to whom we cannot give our affections. If I had married Mr. Bliſil'—'Pardon my interrupting you, madam,' anſwered Allworthy, 'but I cannot bear the ſuppoſition.—Believe me, Miſs Weſtern, I rejoice from my heart, I rejoice in your eſcape.—I have diſcovered the wretch, for whom you have ſuffered all this cruel violence from your father, to be a villain!' 'How, ſir!' cries Sophia,—'you muſt believe this ſurprizes me.'—'It hath ſurprized me, madam,' anſwered Allworthy, 'and ſo it will the world.—But I have acquainted you with the real truth.' 'Nothing but truth,' ſays Sophia, 'can, I am convinced, come from the lips of Mr. Allworthy.—Yet, ſir, ſuch ſudden, ſuch unexpected news—Diſcovered, you ſay—may villany be ever ſo.'—'You will ſoon enough hear the ſtory,' cries Allworthy,—'at preſent let us not mention ſo deteſted a name—I have another matter of a very ſerious nature to propoſe.—O! Miſs Weſtern, I know your vaſt worth, nor can I ſo eaſily part with the ambition of being allied to it.—I have a near relation, madam, a young man whoſe character is, I am convinced, the very oppoſite to that of this wretch, and whoſe fortune I will make equal to what his was to have been—Could I, madam, hope you would admit a viſit from him?' Sophia, after a minute's ſilence, anſwered, 'I will deal with the utmoſt ſincerity with Mr. Allworthy. His character, and the

'obligation

'obligation I have just received from him, demand 'it. I have determined at present to listen to no 'such proposals from any person. My only desire is 'to be restored to the affection of my father, and to 'be again the mistress of his family. This, sir, I 'hope to owe to your good offices. Let me beseech 'you, let me conjure you by all the goodness which 'I, and all who know you, have experienced; do not 'the very moment when you have released me from 'one persecution, do not engage me in another, as 'miserable and as fruitless.' 'Indeed, Miss Western,' replied Allworthy, 'I am capable of no such con-'duct; and if this be your resolution, he must sub-'mit to the disappointment, whatever torments he 'may suffer under it.' 'I must smile now, Mr. 'Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'when you men-'tion the torments of a man whom I do not know, 'and who can consequently have so little acquaintance 'with me.' 'Pardon me, dear young lady,' cries Allworthy, 'I begin now to be afraid he hath had 'too much acquaintance for the repose of his future 'days; since, if ever man was capable of a sincere, 'violent and noble passion, such, I am convinced, is 'my unhappy nephew's for Miss Western.' 'A ne-'phew of yours! Mr. Allworthy,' answered Sophia. 'It is surely strange I never heard of him before.' 'Indeed, madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it is only the 'circumstance of his being my nephew to which you 'are a stranger, and which, till this day, was a secret 'to me.——Mr. Jones, who has long loved you, he! 'he is my nephew.' 'Mr. Jones your nephew, sir?' cries Sophia, 'can it be possible?'——'He is indeed, 'madam,' answered Allworthy: 'he is my own 'sister's son—as such I shall always own him; nor 'am I ashamed of owning him. I am much more 'ashamed of my past behaviour to him; but I was 'as ignorant of his merit as of his birth. Indeed, 'Miss Western, I have used him cruelly—Indeed I 'have.'—Here the good man wiped his eyes, and af-

ter

ter a ſhort pauſe proceeded.—'I never ſhall be able 'to reward him for his ſufferings without your aſ-'ſiſtance. Believe me, moſt amiable young lady, I 'muſt have a great eſteem of that offering which I 'make to your worth. I know he hath been guilty 'of faults; but there is great goodneſs of heart at the 'bottom. Believe me, madam, there is.'—Here he ſtopped, ſeeming to expect an anſwer, which he preſently received from Sophia, after ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the hurry of ſpirits into which ſo ſtrange and ſudden information had thrown her: 'I ſincerely wiſh you joy, ſir, of a diſcovery in which 'you ſeem to have ſuch ſatisfaction. I doubt not 'but you will have all the comfort you can promiſe 'yourſelf from it. The young gentleman hath cer-'tainly a thouſand good qualities, which makes it 'impoſſible he ſhould not behave well to ſuch an un-'cle.'—I hope, madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'he hath 'thoſe good qualities which muſt make him a good 'huſband.—He muſt, I am ſure, be of all the men 'the moſt abandoned, if a lady of your merit ſhould 'condeſcend.'—'You muſt pardon me, Mr. All-'worthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'I cannot liſten to a 'propoſal of this kind. Mr. Jones, I am convinced, 'hath much merit; but I ſhall never receive Mr. 'Jones as one who is to be my huſband—Upon my 'honour I never will.'—'Pardon me, madam,' cries Allworthy, 'if I am a little ſurprized, after what I 'have heard from Mr. Weſtern—I hope the unhap-'py young man hath done nothing to forfeit your 'good opinion, if he had ever the honour to enjoy 'it.——Perhaps he may have been miſrepreſented 'to you, as he was to me. The ſame villany may 'have injured him every where.—He is no murderer, 'I aſſure you, as he hath been called.'—'Mr. All-'worthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'I have told you my 'reſolution. I wonder not at what my father hath 'told you; but whatever his apprehenſions or fears 'have been, if I know my heart, I have given no

'occaſion

'occaſion for them; ſince it hath always been a fixed 'principle with me, never to have married without 'his conſent. This is, I think, the duty of a child 'to a parent; and this, I hope, nothing could ever 'have prevailed with me to ſwerve from. I do not 'indeed conceive, that the authority of any parent 'can oblige us to marry, in direct oppoſition to our 'inclinations. To avoid a force of this kind, which 'I had reaſon to ſuſpect, I left my father's houſe, and 'ſought protection elſewhere. This is the truth of 'my ſtory; and if the world, or my father, carry 'my intentions any farther, my own conſcience will 'acquit me.' 'I hear you, Miſs Weſtern,' cries All-worthy, 'with admiration. I admire the juſtneſs of 'your ſentiments; but ſurely there is more in this. 'I am cautious of offending you, young lady; but am 'I to look on all which I have hitherto heard or ſeen, 'as a dream only? And have you ſuffered ſo much 'cruelty from your father on the account of a man 'to whom you have been always abſolutely indiffer-'ent?' 'I beg, Mr. Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'you will not inſiſt on my reaſons:—Yes, I have ſuf-'fered indeed: I will not, Mr. Allworthy, conceal '—I will be very ſincere with you—I own I had a 'great opinion of Mr. Jones—I believe—I know I 'have ſuffered for my opinion—I have been treated 'cruelly by my aunt, as well as by my father; but 'that is now paſt—I beg I may not be farther preſſed; 'for whatever hath been, my reſolution is now fixed. 'Your nephew, ſir, 'hath many virtues——he hath 'great virtues, Mr. Allworthy. I queſtion not but 'he will do you honour in the world, and make you 'happy.'——'I wiſh I could make him ſo, madam,' replied Allworthy; 'but that I am convinced is only 'in your power. It is that conviction which hath 'made me ſo earneſt a ſolicitor in his favour.' 'You 'are deceived; indeed, ſir, you are deceived,' ſaid Sophia.—'I hope not by him—It is ſufficient to 'have deceived me.' 'Mr. Allworthy, I muſt inſiſt

'on

'on being preſt no farther on this ſubject.—I ſhould 'be ſorry—Nay, I will not injure him in your favour. 'I wiſh Mr. Jones very well. I ſincerely wiſh him 'well; and I repeat it again to you, whatever de- 'merit he may have to me, I am certain he hath ma- 'ny good qualities, I do not diſown my former 'thoughts; but nothing can ever recall them. At 'preſent there is not a man upon earth whom I 'would more reſolutely reject than Mr. Jones; nor 'would the addreſſes of Mr. Blifil himſelf be leſs 'agreeable to me.'

Weſtern had been long impatient for the event of this conference, and was juſt now arrived at the door to liſten; when having heard the laſt ſentiments of his daughter's heart, he loſt all temper, and burſting open the door in a rage, cried out,—'It is a lie. It 'is a d—n'd lie. It is all owing to that d—n'd raſ- 'cal Jones; and if ſhe could get at un, ſhe'd ha un 'any hour of the day.'—Here Allworthy interpoſed, and addreſſing himſelf to the ſquire with ſome anger in his look, he ſaid, 'Mr. Weſtern, you have not 'kept your word with me. You promiſed to ab- 'ſtain from all violence.'—'Why ſo I did,' cries Weſtern, 'as long as it was poſſible; but to hear a 'wench telling ſuch confounded lies.—Zounds! 'doth ſhe think if ſhe can make vools of other volk, 'ſhe can make one of me?—No, no, I know her 'better than thee doſt,' 'I am ſorry to tell you, 'ſir,' anſwered Allworthy, 'it doth not appear by 'your behaviour to this young lady, that you know 'her at all. I aſk pardon for what I ſay; but I 'think our intimacy, your own deſires, and the oc- 'caſion, juſtify me. She is your daughter, Mr. Weſ- 'tern, and I think ſhe doth honour to your name. 'If I was capable of envy, I ſhould ſooner envy you 'on this account, than any other man whatever.'— 'Odrabbit it,' cries the ſquire, 'I wiſh ſhe was 'thine with all my heart—wouldſt ſoon be glad to 'be rid of the trouble o' her.'—'Indeed, my good

'friend,'

'friend,' anſwered Allworthy, 'you yourſelf are 'the cauſe of all the trouble you complain of. Place 'that confidence in the young lady which ſhe ſo well 'deſerves, and I am certain you will be the happieſt 'father on earth.'—'I confidence in her!' cries the ſquire—'Sblood! what confidence can I place in 'her, when ſhe won't do as I wou'd ha her? Let 'her gi but her conſent to marry as I would ha her, 'and I'll place as much confidence in her as wouldſt 'ha me.'—'You have no right, neighbour,' anſwered Allworthy, 'to inſiſt on any ſuch conſent. A nega-'tive voice your daughter allows you, and God and 'Nature have thought proper to allow you no more.' 'A negative voice,' cries the ſquire—'Ay! ay! I'll 'ſhew you what a negative voice I ha.—Go along, 'go into your chamber, go, you ſtubborn'—'Indeed, 'Mr. Weſtern,' ſaid Allworthy,—'Indeed, you uſe 'her cruelly—I cannot bear to ſee this—You ſhall, 'you muſt behave to her in a kinder manner. She 'deſerves the beſt of treatment.' 'Yes, yes,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I know what ſhe deſerves: now ſhe's 'gone, I'll ſhew you what ſhe deſerves—See here, 'ſir, here is a letter from my couſin my lady Bellaſ-'ton, in which ſhe is ſo kind to gi me to underſtand, 'that the fellow is got out of priſon again; and here 'ſhe adviſes me to take all the care I can o' the 'wench. Od-zookers! neighbour Allworthy, you 'don't know what it is to govern a daughter.'

The ſquire ended his ſpeech with ſome compliments to his own ſagacity; and then Allworthy, after a formal preface, acquainted him with the whole diſcovery which he had made concerning Jones, with his anger to Blifil, and with every particular which hath been diſcloſed to the reader in the preceding chapters.

Men over violent in their diſpoſitions, are, for the moſt part, as changeable in them. No ſooner then was Weſtern informed of Mr. Allworthy's intention to make Jones his heir, than he joined heartily with the

the uncle in every commendation of the nephew, and became as eager for her marriage with Jones, as he had before been to couple her to Blifil.

Here Mr. Allworthy was again forced to interpoſe, and to relate what had paſſed between him and Sophia, at which he teſtified great ſurprize.

The ſquire was ſilent a moment, and looked wild with aſtoniſhment at this account.—At laſt he cried out, 'Why, what can be the meaning of this, neighbour Allworthy? Vond o un ſhe was, that I'll be ſworn to.—Odzookers! I have hit o't. As ſure as a gun I have hit o the very right o't. It's all along o ziſter. The girl hath got a hankering after this ſon of a whore of a lord. I vound 'em together at my couſin, my lady Bellaſton's. He hath turned the head o' her, that's certain—but d—n me if he ſhall ha her.—I'll ha no lords nor courtiers in my vamily.'

Allworthy now made a long ſpeech, in which he repeated his reſolution to avoid all violent meaſures, and very earneſtly recommended gentle methods to Mr. Weſtern, as thoſe by which he might be aſſured of ſucceeding beſt with his daughter. He then took his leave, and returned back to Mrs. Miller, but was forced to comply with the earneſt entreaties of the ſquire, in promiſing to bring Mr. Jones to viſit him that afternoon, that he might, as he ſaid, 'make all matters up with the young gentleman.' At Mr. Allworthy's departure, Weſtern promiſed to follow his advice in his behaviour to Sophia, ſaying, 'I don't know how 'tis, but d—n me, Allworthy, if you don't make me always do juſt as you pleaſe; and yet I have as good an eſteate as you, and am in the commiſſion of the peace as well as yourſelf.'

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Wherein the hiſtory begins to draw towards a concluſion.

WHEN Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he heard Mr. Jones was juſt arrived before him. He hurried therefore inſtantly into an empty chamber, whither he ordered Mr. Jones to be brought to him alone.

It is impoſſible to conceive a more tender moving ſcene, than the meeting between the uncle and nephew, (for Mrs. Waters, as the reader may well ſuppoſe, had at their laſt viſit diſcovered to him the ſecret of his birth). The firſt agonies of joy which were felt on both ſides, are indeed beyond my power to deſcribe: I ſhall not therefore attempt it. After Allworthy had raiſed Jones from his feet, where he had proſtrated himſelf, and received him into his arms, 'O my child!' he cried, 'how have I been 'to blame! How have I injured you! what amends 'can I ever make you for thoſe unkind, thoſe unjuſt 'ſuſpicions which I have entertained; and for all 'the ſufferings they have occaſioned to you?' 'Am 'I not now made amends?' cries Jones; 'would 'not my ſufferings, if they had been ten times 'greater, have been now richly repaid? O my dear 'uncle! this goodneſs, this tenderneſs overpowers, 'unmans, deſtroys me. I cannot bear the tranſ-'ports which flow ſo faſt upon me. To be again 'reſtored to your preſence, to your favour; to be 'once more thus kindly received by my great, my 'noble, my generous benefactor'—Indeed, child,' cries Allworthy, 'I have uſed you cruelly.'—He then explained to him all the treachery of Bliſil, and again repeated expreſſions of the utmoſt concern, for having been induced by that treachery to uſe him ſo ill. 'O talk not ſo,' anſwered Jones: 'indeed, ſir, you 'have uſed me nobly. The wiſeſt man might be 'deceived as you were, and, under ſuch a deception,

'the

'the beſt muſt have acted juſt as you did. Your goodneſs diſplayed itſelf in the midſt of your anger, juſt as it then ſeemed. I owe every thing to that goodneſs of which I have been moſt unworthy. Do not put me on ſelf-accuſation, by carrying your generous ſentiments too far. Alas, ſir, I have not been puniſhed more than I have deſerved; and it ſhall be the whole buſineſs of my future life to deſerve that happineſs you now beſtow on me; for believe me, my dear uncle, my puniſhment hath not been thrown away upon me: though I have been a great, I am not a hardened ſinner; I thank heaven I have had time to reflect on my paſt life, where, though I cannot charge myſelf with any groſs villainy, yet I can diſcern follies and vices more than enough to repent and be aſhamed of; follies which have been attended with dreadful conſequences to myſelf, and have brought me to the brink of deſtruction.' 'I am rejoiced, my dear child,' anſwered Allworthy, 'to hear you talk thus ſenſibly; for as I am convinced hypocriſy (good heaven, how have I been impoſed on by it in others!) was never among your faults; ſo I can readily believe all you ſay. You now ſee, Tom, to what dangers imprudence alone may ſubject virtue (for virtue, I am now convinced, you love in a great degree). Prudence is indeed the duty which we owe to ourſelves; and if we will be ſo much our own enemies as to neglect it, we are not to wonder if the world is deficient in diſcharging their duty to us; for when a man lays the foundation of his own ruin, others will, I am afraid, be too apt to build upon it. You ſay, however, you have ſeen your errors; and will reform them. I firmly believe you, my dear child; and therefore, from this moment, you ſhall never more be reminded of them by me.—Remember them only yourſelf ſo far, as for the future to teach you the better to avoid them; but ſtill remember for your comfort, that there is this

'great

'great difference between thoſe faults which can-
'dour may conſtrue into imprudence, and thoſe
'which can be deduced from villany only. The
'former, perhaps, are even more apt to ſubject a
'man to ruin: but if he reform, his character will,
'at length, be totally retrieved; the world, tho' not
'immediately, will, in time, be reconciled to him;
'and he may reflect, not without ſome mixture of
'pleaſure, on the dangers he hath eſcaped: but vil-
'lainy, my boy, when once diſcovered, is irretriev-
'able; the ſtains which this leaves behind, no time
'will waſh away. The cenſures of mankind will
'purſue the wretch, their ſcorn will abaſh him in
'publick; and if ſhame drives him into retirement,
'he will go to it with all thoſe terrors with which a
'weary child, who is afraid of hobgoblins, retreats
'from company to go to bed alone. Here his mur-
'dered conſcience will haunt him Repoſe, like a
'falſe friend, will fly from him. Wherever he turns
'his eyes, horror preſents itſelf; if he looks back-
'ward, unavailable repentance treads on his heel;
'if forward, incurable deſpair ſtares him in the face;
'till, like a condemned priſoner confined in a dun-
'geon, he deteſts his preſent condition, and yet dreads
'the conſequence of that hour which is to relieve him
'from it. Comfort yourſelf, I ſay, my child, that
'this is not your caſe; and rejoice, with thankfulneſs,
'to him who hath ſuffered you to ſee your errors,
'before they have brought on you that deſtruction,
'to which a perſiſtance in even thoſe errors muſt
'have led you. You have deſerted them; and the
'proſpect now before you is ſuch, that happineſs
'ſeems in your own power.'—At theſe words Jones
fetched a deep ſigh; upon which, when Allworthy
remonſtrated, he ſaid, 'Sir, I will conceal nothing
'from you: I fear there is one conſequence of my
'vices I ſhall never be able to retrieve. O my dear
'uncle, I have loſt a treaſure.'—'You need ſay no
'more,' anſwered Allworthy; 'I will be explicit with
'you;

'you; I know what you lament; I have ſeen the young 'lady, and have diſcourſed with her concerning you. 'This I muſt inſiſt on, as an earneſt of your ſincerity 'in all you have ſaid, and of the ſtedfaſtneſs of your 'reſolution, that you obey me in one inſtance. To 'abide entirely by the determination of the young lady, 'whether it ſhall be in your favour or no. She hath 'already ſuffered enough from ſolicitations which I 'hate to think of; ſhe ſhall owe no further conſtraint 'to my family: I know her father will be as ready 'to torment her now on your account, as he hath 'formerly been on another's; but I am determined 'ſhe ſhall ſuffer no more confinement, no more vio-'lence, no more uneaſy hours.'—'O my dear uncle,' anſwered Jones, 'lay, I beſeech you, ſome com-'mand on me, in which I ſhall have ſome merit in 'obedience. Believe me ſir, the only inſtance in 'which I could diſobey you, would be to give an 'uneaſy moment to my Sophia. No, ſir, if I am 'ſo miſerable to have incurred her diſpleaſure beyond 'all hope of forgiveneſs, that alone, with the dread-'ful reflection of cauſing her miſery, will be ſufficient 'to overpower me. To call Sophia mine is the 'greateſt, and now the only additional bleſſing which 'heaven can beſtow; but it is a bleſſing which I 'muſt owe to her alone.'—'I will not flatter you, 'child,' cries Allworthy; 'I fear your caſe is deſ-'perate: I never ſaw ſtronger marks of an unalte-'rable reſolution in any perſon, than appeared in her 'vehement declarations againſt receiving your ad-'dreſſes; for which, perhaps, you can account better 'than myſelf.'—'Oh, ſir! I can account too well,' anſwered Jones; 'I have ſinned againſt her beyond 'all hope of pardon; and guilty as I am, my guilt 'unfortunately appears to her in ten times blacker 'than the real colours. O my dear uncle, I find my 'follies are irretrievable; and all your goodneſs can-'not ſave me from perdition.'

A ſervant now acquainted them, that Mr. Weſtern

was

was below ſtairs; for his eagerneſs to ſee Jones could not wait till the afternoon. Upon which Jones, whoſe eyes were full of tears, begged his uncle to entertain Weſtern a few minutes, till he a little recovered himſelf: to which the good man conſented, and having ordered Mr. Weſtern to be ſhewn into a parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. Miller no ſooner heard that Jones was alone, (for ſhe had not yet ſeen him ſince his releaſe from priſon) than ſhe came eagerly into the room, and advancing towards Jones, wiſhed him heartily joy of his new-found uncle, and his happy reconciliation; adding, 'I wiſh I could give you joy on another account, my dear child; but any thing ſo inexorable 'I never ſaw.'

Jones, with ſome appearance of ſurprize, aſked her what ſhe meant. 'Why then,' ſays ſhe, 'I have 'been with your young lady, and have explained all 'matters to her, as they were told me by my ſon 'Nightingale. She can have no longer any doubt 'about the letter, that I am certain; for I told her 'my ſon Nightingale was ready to take his oath, if 'ſhe pleaſed, that it was all his own invention, and 'the letter of his inditing. I told her the very rea'ſon of ſending the letter ought to recommend you 'to her the more, as it was all upon her account, 'and a plain proof, that you was reſolved to quit 'your profligacy, for the future; that you had never 'been guilty of a ſingle inſtance of infidelity to her 'ſince your ſeeing her in town. I am afraid I went 'too far there; but heaven forgive me: I hope your 'future behaviour will be my juſtification. I am 'ſure I have ſaid all I can; but all to no purpoſe. 'She remains inflexible. She ſays, ſhe had forgiven 'many faults on account of youth; but expreſſed ſuch 'deteſtation of the character of a libertine, that ſhe 'abſolutely ſilenced me. I often attempted to excuſe 'you; but the juſtneſs of her accuſation flew in my 'face. Upon my honour, ſhe is a lovely woman! 'and one of the ſweeteſt and moſt ſenſible creatures

'I ever ſaw. I could have almoſt kiſſed her for one 'expreſſion ſhe made uſe of. It was a ſentiment 'worthy of Seneca, or of a biſhop. "I once fancied, "madam," ſaid ſhe, "I had diſcovered great good-"neſs of heart in Mr. Jones; and for that I own I "had a ſincere eſteem: but an entire profligacy of "manners will corrupt the beſt heart in the world; "and all which a good-natured libertine can expect, "is, that we ſhould mix ſome grains of pity with "our contempt and abhorrence." She is an angelic 'creature, that is the truth on't.'—'O Mrs. Miller,' anſwered Jones, 'can I bear to think I have loſt ſuch 'an angel!'—'Loſt! No,' cries Mrs. Miller; 'I hope 'you have not loſt her yet. Reſolve to leave ſuch 'vicious courſes, and you may yet have hopes: nay, 'if ſhe ſhould remain inexorable, there is another 'young lady, a ſweet pretty young lady, and a 'ſwinging fortune, who is abſolutely dying for love 'of you. I heard of it this very morning, and I 'told it to Miſs Weſtern; nay, I went a little be-'yond the truth again; for I told her you had re-'fuſed her; but indeed I knew you would refuſe her. '—And here I muſt give you a little comfort: when 'I mentioned the young lady's name, who is no 'other than the pretty widow Hunt, I thought ſhe 'turned pale; but when I ſaid you had refuſed her, 'I will be ſworn her face was all over ſcarlet in an 'inſtant; and theſe were her very words, "I will "not deny but that I believe he has ſome affection "for me."

Here the converſation was interrupted by the arrival of Weſtern, who could no longer be kept out of the room even by the authority of Allworthy himſelf; though this, as we have often ſeen, had a wonderful power over him.

Weſtern immediately went up to Jones, crying out, 'My old friend Tom! I am glad to ſee thee with all 'my heart. All paſt muſt be forgotten. I could 'not intend any affront to thee, becauſe, as Allwor-'thy here knows, nay, doſt know it thyſelf, I took

'thee

'thee for another perſon; and where a body means 'no harm, what ſignifies a haſty word or two? one 'chriſtian muſt forget and forgive another.'—'I hope, 'ſir,' ſaid Jones, 'I ſhall never forget the many 'obligations I have had to you; but as for any of-'fence towards me, I declare I am an utter ſtranger.' —'A't,' ſays Weſtern, 'then give me thy fiſt, a't as 'hearty an honeſt cock as any in the kingdom. Come 'along with me; I'll carry thee to thy miſtreſs this 'moment.' Here Allworthy interpoſed; and the ſquire being unable to prevail either with the uncle or nephew, was, after ſome litigation, obliged to conſent to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon; at which time Allworthy, as well in compaſſion to Jones, as in compliance with the eager deſires of Weſtern, was prevailed upon to promiſe to attend at the tea-table.

The converſation which now enſued was pleaſant enough; and with which, had it happened earlier in our hiſtory, we would have entertained our reader; but as we have now leiſure only to attend to what is very material, it ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that matters being entirely adjuſted as to the afternoon viſit, Mr. Weſtern returned home.

CHAP. XI.

The hiſtory draws nearer to a concluſion.

WHEN Mr. Weſtern was departed, Jones began to inform Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller, that his liberty had been procured by two noble lords, who, together with two ſurgeons and a friend of Mr. Nightingale's, had attended the magiſtrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the ſurgeon's oath, that the wounded perſon was out of all manner of danger from his wound, he was diſcharged.

One only of theſe lords, he ſaid, he had ever ſeen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly ſurprized him, by aſking his pardon for an offence he had been guilty of towards him,

occaſioned, he ſaid, entirely by his ignorance who he was.

Now the reality of the caſe, with which Jones was not acquainted till afterwards, was this: the lieutenant whom lord Fellamar had employed, according to the advice of lady Bellaſton, to preſs Jones, as a vagabond, into the ſea ſervice, when he came to report to his lordſhip the event which we have before ſeen, ſpoke very favourably of the behaviour of Mr. Jones on all accounts, and ſtrongly aſſured that lord, that he muſt have miſtaken the perſon; for that Jones was certainly a gentleman: inſomuch that his lordſhip, who was ſtrictly a man of honour, and would by no means have been guilty of an action which the world in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the advice which he had taken.

Within a day or two after this, lord Fellamar happened to dine with the Iriſh peer, who, in a converſation upon the duel, acquainted his company with the character of Fitzpatrick; to which indeed he did not do ſtrict juſtice, eſpecially in what related to his lady. He ſaid, ſhe was the moſt innocent, and moſt injured woman alive, and that from compaſſion alone he had undertaken her cauſe. He then declared an intention of going the next morning to Fitzpatrick's lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if poſſible, to conſent to a ſeparation from his wife, who, the peer ſaid, was in apprehenſions for her life, if ſhe ſhould ever return to be under the power of her huſband. Lord Fellamar agreed to go with him, that he might ſatisfy himſelf more concerning Jones, and the circumſtances of the duel; for he was by no means eaſy concerning the part he had acted. The moment his lordſhip gave a hint of his readineſs to aſſiſt in the delivery of the lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other nobleman, who depended much on the authority of lord Fellamar, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe Fitzpatrick into a compliance; and perhaps he was in the right; for the poor Iriſhman no ſooner ſaw theſe noble

noble peers had undertaken the cauſe of his wife, than he ſubmitted, and articles of ſeparation were ſoon drawn up, and ſigned between the parties.

Fitzpatrick had been ſo well ſatisfied by Mrs. Waters concerning the innocence of his wife with Jones at Upton, or perhaps from ſome other reaſons, was now become ſo indifferent to that matter, that he ſpoke highly in favour of Jones to lord Fellamar, took all the blame upon himſelf, and ſaid the other had behaved very much like a gentleman, and a man of honour; and upon that lord's further enquiry concerning Mr. Jones, Fitzpatrick told him he was nephew to a gentleman of very great faſhion and fortune, which was the account he had juſt received from Mrs. Waters, after her interview with Dowling.

Lord Fellamar now thought it behoved him to do every thing in his power to make ſatisfaction to a gentleman whom he had ſo groſsly injured, and without any conſideration of rivalſhip (for he had now given over all thoughts of Sophia) determined to procure Mr. Jones's liberty, being ſatisfied, as well from Fitzpatrick as his ſurgeon, that the wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the Iriſh peer to accompany him to the place where Jones was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he immediately carried Jones into his room, and then acquainted him with the whole matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. Waters, as what he had diſcovered from Mr. Dowling.

Jones expreſſed great aſtoniſhment, and no leſs concern at this account; but without making any comment or obſervation upon it. And now a meſſage was brought from Mr. Blifil, deſiring to know if his uncle was at leiſure, that he might wait upon him. Allworthy ſtarted, and turned pale, and then in a more paſſionate tone than I believe he had ever uſed before, bid the ſervant tell Blifil, he knew him not. 'Conſider, dear ſir,'—— cries Jones, in a

trembling voice.——'I have conſidered,' anſwered Allworthy, 'and you yourſelf ſhall carry my meſſage 'to the villain.—No one can carry him the ſentence 'of his own ruin ſo properly as the man whoſe ruin 'he hath ſo villainouſly contrived.'—'Pardon me, 'dear ſir,' ſaid Jones; 'a moment's reflection will, 'I am ſure, convince you of the contrary. What 'might perhaps be but juſtice from another tongue 'would from mine be inſult? And to whom?—'My own brother, and your nephew.—Nor did he 'uſe me ſo barbarouſly.—Indeed that would have 'been more inexcuſable than any thing he hath 'done. Fortune may tempt men of no very bad 'diſpoſitions to injuſtice; but inſults proceed only 'from black and rancorous minds, and have no 'temptations to excuſe them.—Let me beſeech 'you, ſir, to do nothing by him in the preſent 'height of your anger. Conſider, my dear uncle, I 'was not myſelf condemned unheard.' Allworthy ſtood ſilent a moment, and then embracing Jones, he ſaid with tears guſhing from his eyes, 'O my 'child! to what goodneſs have I been ſo long 'blind!'

Mrs. Miller entering the room at that moment, after a gentle rap, which was not perceived, and ſeeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, the poor woman, in an agony of joy, fell upon her knees, and burſt forth into the moſt ecſtatic thankſgivings to heaven, for what had happened.—Then running to Jones, ſhe embraced him eagerly, crying, 'My deareſt friend, 'I wiſh you joy a thouſand and a thouſand times of 'this bleſt day; and next Mr. Allworthy himſelf received the ſame congratulations. To which he anſwered, 'Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Miller, I am be-'yond expreſſion happy.' Some few more raptures having paſſed on all ſides, Mrs. Miller deſired them both to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where ſhe ſaid there were a very happy ſet of people aſſembled; being indeed no other than Mr. Nightingale and his bride, and his couſin Harris with her bridegroom.

Allworthy

Allworthy excuſed himſelf from dining with the company, ſaying he had ordered ſome little thing for him and his nephew in his own apartment; for that they had much private buſineſs to diſcourſe of, but would not reſiſt promiſing the good woman, that both he and Jones would make part of her ſociety at ſupper.

Mrs. Miller then aſked what was to be done with Blifil; 'for indeed,' ſays ſhe, 'I cannot be eaſy 'while ſuch a villain is in my houſe.'—Allworthy anſwered, 'He was as uneaſy as herſelf on the ſame 'account.' 'O!' cries ſhe, 'if that be the caſe, 'leave the matter to me; I'll ſoon ſhew him the 'outſide of my doors, I warrant you. Here are two 'or three luſty fellows below ſtairs.' 'There will 'be no need of any violence,' cries Allworthy; 'if 'you will carry him a meſſage from me, he will, 'I am convinced, depart of his own accord.' 'Will I?' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'I never did any thing 'in my life with a better will.' Here Jones interfered, and ſaid, 'He had conſidered the matter 'better, and would, if Mr. Allworthy pleaſed, be 'himſelf the meſſenger. I know,' ſays he, 'already 'enough of your pleaſure, ſir, and I beg leave to 'acquaint him with it by my own words. Let me 'beſeech you, ſir,' added he, 'to reflect on the 'dreadful conſequences of driving him to violent 'and ſudden deſpair. How unfit, alas! is this poor 'man to die in his preſent ſituation.' This ſuggeſtion had not the leaſt effect on Mrs. Miller. She left the room crying, 'You are too good, Mr. Jones, 'infinitely too good to live in this world.' But it made a deeper impreſſion on Allworthy. 'My 'good child,' ſaid he, 'I am equally aſtoniſhed at 'the goodneſs of your heart, and the quickneſs of 'your underſtanding. Heaven indeed forbid that 'this wretch ſhould be deprived of any means or time 'for repentance. That would be a ſhocking conſide-'ration indeed. Go to him therefore and uſe your 'own diſcretion; yet do not flatter him with any hopes

'of my forgiveneſs; for I ſhall never forgive vil-
'lainy farther than my religion obliges me, and that
'extends not either to our bounty or our conver-
'ſation.'

Jones went up to Blifil's room, whom he found in a ſituation which moved his pity, though it would have raiſed a leſs amiable paſſion in many beholders. He caſt himſelf on his bed, where he lay abandoning himſelf to deſpair, and drowned in tears; not in ſuch tears as flow from contrition, and waſh away guilt from minds which have been ſeduced or ſurpriſed into it unawares, againſt the bent of their natural diſpoſitions, as will ſometimes happen from human frailty, even to the good: no, theſe tears were ſuch as the frighted thief ſheds in his cart, and are indeed the effects of that concern which the moſt ſavage natures are ſeldom deficient in feeling for themſelves.

It would be unpleaſant and tedious to paint this ſcene in full length. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the behaviour of Jones was kind to exceſs. He omitted nothing which his invention could ſupply, to raiſe and comfort the drooping ſpirits of Blifil, before he communicated to him the reſolution of his uncle, that he muſt quit the houſe that evening. He offered to furniſh him with any money he wanted, aſſured him of his hearty forgiveneſs of all he had done againſt him, that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a brother, and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Blifil was at firſt ſullen and ſilent, balancing in his mind whether he ſhould yet deny all; but finding at laſt the evidence too ſtrong againſt him, he betook himſelf at laſt to confeſſion. He then aſked pardon of his brother in the moſt vehement manner, proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and kiſſed his feet: in ſhort, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not ſo far check his diſdain, but that

it

it a little discovered itself in his countenance at this extreme servility. He raised his brother the moment he could from the ground, and advised him to bear his afflictions more like a man; repeating, at the same time, his promises, that he would do all in his power to lessen them: for which Blifil, making many professions of his unworthiness, poured forth a profusion of thanks: and then, he having declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, Jones returned to his uncle.

Among other matters, Allworthy now acquainted Jones with the discovery which he had made concerning the 500 l. bank notes. 'I have,' said he, 'already consulted a lawyer, who tells me, to my 'great astonishment, that there is no punishment for 'a fraud of this kind. Indeed, when I consider the 'black ingratitude of this fellow toward you, I think 'a highwayman, compared to him, is an innocent 'person'

'Good heaven!' says Jones, 'is it possible! — I 'am shocked beyond measure at this news. I 'thought there was not an honester fellow in the 'world. The temptation of such a sum was too great 'for him to withstand: for smaller matters have come 'safe to me through his hand. Indeed, my dear 'uncle, you must suffer me to call it weakness rather than ingratitude; for I am convinced the poor 'fellow loves me, and hath done me some kindnesses 'which I can never forget; nay, I believe he hath 'repented of this very act: for it is not above a day or 'two ago, when my affairs seemed in a most desperate situation, that he visited me in my confinement, 'and offered me any money I wanted. Consider, 'sir, what a temptation to a man who hath tasted 'such bitter distress, it must be to have a sum in his 'possession, which must put him and his family beyond any future possibility of suffering the like.'

'Child,' cries Allworthy, 'you carry this forgiving temper too far. Such mistaken mercy is not 'only weakness, but borders on injustice, and is per-

'nicious to ſociety, as it encourages vice. The diſ-
'honeſty of this fellow I might perhaps have pardon-
'ed, but never his ingratitude. And give me leave to
'ſay, when we ſuffer any temptation to atone for
'diſhoneſty itſelf, we are as candid and merciful as
'we ought to be; and ſo far I confeſs I have gone;
'for I have often pitied the fate of a highwayman,
'when I have been on the grand jury; and have
'more than once applied to the judge on the behalf
'of ſuch as have had any mitigating circumſtances in
'their caſe; but when diſhoneſty is attended with
'any blacker crime, ſuch as cruelty, murder, ingra-
'titude, or the like, compaſſion and forgiveneſs then
'become faults. I am convinced the fellow is a
'villain, and he ſhall be puniſhed; at leaſt as far as
'I can puniſh him.'

This was ſpoke with ſo ſtern a voice, that Jones did not think proper to make any reply: beſides, the hour appointed by Mr. Weſtern now drew ſo near, that he had barely time left to dreſs himſelf. He therefore ended the preſent dialogue, and Jones retired to another room, where Partridge attended, according to order, with his clothes.

Partridge had ſcarce ſeen his maſter ſince the happy diſcovery. The poor fellow was unable either to contain or expreſs his tranſports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almoſt as many miſtakes while he was dreſſing Jones, as I have ſeen made by Harlequin in dreſſing himſelf on the ſtage.

His memory, however, was not in the leaſt deficient. He recollected now many omens and preſages of this happy event, ſome of which he had remarked at the time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the dreams he had dreamt the evening before his meeting with Jones; and concluded with ſaying, 'I always told your 'honour ſomething boded in my mind, that you 'would one time or other have it in your power to 'make my fortune.' Jones aſſured him that this boding ſhould as certainly be verified with regard to him,

him; as all the other omens had been to himſelf; which did not a little add to all the raptures which the poor fellow had already conceived on account of his maſter.

CHAP. XII.

Approaching ſtill nearer to the end.

JONES being now completely dreſſed, attended his uncle to Mr. Weſtern's. He was indeed one of the fineſt figures ever beheld, and his perſon alone would have charmed the greater part of womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this hiſtory, that nature, when ſhe formed him, did not totally rely, as ſhe ſometimes doth, on this merit only to recommend her work.

Sophia, who, angry as ſhe was, likewiſe ſet forth to the beſt advantage, for which I leave my female readers to account, appeared ſo extremely beautiful, that even Allworthy, when he ſaw her, could not forbear whiſpering Weſtern, that he believed ſhe was the fineſt creature in the world. To which Weſtern anſwered, in a whiſper overheard by all preſent, 'ſo 'much the better for Tom;—for d—n me if he ſhan't 'ha the touſling her.' Sophia was all over ſcarlet at theſe words, while Tom's countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almoſt ready to ſink from his chair.

The tea-table was ſcarce removed, before Weſtern lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him, he had buſineſs of conſequence to impart, and muſt ſpeak to him that inſtant in private before he forgot it.

The lovers were now alone, and it will, I queſtion not, appear ſtrange to many readers, that thoſe who had ſo much to ſay to one another, when danger and difficulty attended their converſation; and who ſeemed ſo eager to ruſh into each other's arms, when ſo many bars lay in their way, now that with ſafety they were at liberty to ſay or do whatever they pleaſed, ſhould both remain for ſome time ſilent and motionleſs; inſomuch that a ſtranger of moderate ſagacity might have well concluded they were mutually indif-

ferent: but ſo it was, however ſtrange it may ſeem; both ſat with their eyes caſt downwards on the ground, and for ſome minutes continued in perfect ſilence.

Mr. Jones, during this interval, attempted once or twice to ſpeak, but was abſolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather ſighing out, ſome broken words; when Sophia at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the diſcourſe from the ſubject which ſhe knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, ſaid;—

'Sure, ſir, you are the moſt fortunate man in the 'world in this diſcovery.' 'And can you really, 'madam, think me ſo fortunate,' ſaid Jones, ſighing, 'while I have incurred your diſpleaſure?'—'Nay, 'ſir,' ſays ſhe, 'as to that, you beſt know whether 'you have deſerved it.' 'Indeed, madam,' anſwered he, 'you yourſelf are as well apprized of all my 'demerits. Mrs. Miller has acquainted you with the 'whole truth. O! my Sophia, am I never to hope 'for forgiveneſs?'—'I think, Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'I may almoſt depend on your own juſtice, and leave 'it to yourſelf to paſs ſentence on your own conduct.' ——'Alas! madam,' anſwered he, 'it is mercy, 'and not juſtice, which I implore at your hands. 'Juſtice I know muſt condemn me——Yet not for 'the letter I ſent to lady Bellaſton. Of that I moſt 'ſolemnly declare, you have had a true account.' He then inſiſted much on the ſecurity given him by Nightingale, of a fair pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyſhip ſhould have accepted his offer; but confeſt, that he had been guilty of a great indiſcretion, to put ſuch a letter as that into her power, 'which,' ſaid he, 'I have dearly paid 'for, in the effect it has upon you.' 'I do not, I 'cannot,' ſays ſhe, 'believe otherwiſe of that letter 'than you would have me. My conduct, I think, 'ſhews you clearly I do not believe there is much in 'that. And yet, Mr. Jones, have I not enough to reſent? After what paſt at Upton, ſo ſoon to engage

'in

'in a new amour with another woman, while I fancied, and you pretended, your heart was bleeding for me—Indeed you have acted strangely. Can I believe the passion you have profest to me to be sincere? Or if I can, what happiness can I assure myself of with a man capable of so much inconstancy?' 'O! my Sophia,' cries he, 'do not doubt the sincerity of the purest passion that ever inflamed a human breast. Think, most adorable creature, of my unhappy situation, of my despair.—Could I, my Sophia, have flattered myself the most distant hopes of being ever permitted to throw myself at your feet, in the manner I do now, it would not have been in the power of any other woman to have inspired a thought which the severest chastity could have condemned. Inconstancy to you! O Sophia, if you can have goodness enough to pardon what is past, do not let any future cruel apprehensions shut your mercy against me.—No repentance was ever more sincere. O! let it reconcile me to my heaven in this dear bosom.' 'Sincere repentance, Mr. Jones,' answered she, 'will obtain the pardon of a sinner, but it is from one who is a perfect judge of that sincerity. A human mind may be imposed on; nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You must expect, however, that if I can be prevailed on by your repentance to pardon you, I will at least insist on the strongest proof of its sincerity.'—'O! name any proof in my power,' answered Jones eagerly. 'Time,' replied she, 'time alone, Mr. Jones, can convince me that you are a true penitent, and have resolved to abandon these vicious courses, which I should detest you for, if I imagined you capable of persevering in them.' 'Do not imagine it,' cries Jones. 'On my knees I entreat, I implore your confidence, a confidence which it shall be the business of my life to deserve.' 'Let it then,' said she, 'be the business of some part of your life to shew me you deserve it. I think I have been explicit enough in assuring you, that when

'I see

'I ſee you merit my confidence, you will obtain it; 'After what is paſt, ſir, can you expect I ſhould take 'you upon your word?'

He replied, 'Don't believe me upon my word; I 'have a better ſecurity, a pledge for my conſtancy, 'which it is impoſſible to ſee and to doubt.' 'What 'is that?' ſaid Sophia, a little ſurprized. 'I will 'ſhew you, my charming angel,' cried Jones, ſeizing her hand, and carrying her to the glaſs. 'There, 'behold it there in that lovely figure, in that face, 'that ſhape, thoſe eyes, that mind which ſhines 'through thoſe eyes: can the man who ſhall be 'in poſſeſſion of theſe be inconſtant? Impoſſible! 'my Sophia. They would fix a Dorimant, a lord 'Rocheſter. You could not doubt it, if you could 'ſee yourſelf with any eyes but your own.' Sophia bluſhed, and half-ſmiled; but forcing again her brow into a frown, 'If I am to judge,' ſaid ſhe, 'of the 'future by the paſt, my image will no more remain 'in your heart when I am out of your ſight, than it 'will in this glaſs when I am out of the room.'— 'By heaven, by all that is ſacred,' ſaid Jones, 'it 'never was out of my heart. The delicacy of your 'ſex cannot conceive the groſſneſs of ours, nor how 'little one ſort of amour has to do with the heart.' 'I will never marry a man,' replied Sophia, very gravely, 'who ſhall not learn refinement enough to 'be as incapable as I am myſelf of making ſuch a 'diſtinction.' 'I will learn it,' ſaid Jones. 'I 'have learnt it already. The firſt moment of hope 'that my Sophia might be my wife, taught it me at 'once; and all the reſt of her ſex from that moment 'became as little the objects of deſire to my ſenſe, as 'of paſſion to my heart.'—'Well,' ſaid Sophia, 'the proof of this muſt be from time. Your ſitua-'tion, Mr. Jones, is now altered, and I aſſure you, 'I have great ſatisfaction in the alteration. You 'will now want no opportunity of being near me, 'and convincing me that your mind is altered too.' 'O my angel!' cries Jones, 'how ſhall I thank thy

'good-

'goodneſs? And are you ſo good to own, that you 'have a ſatisfaction in my proſperity?'—Believe me, 'believe me, madam, it is you alone have given a 'reliſh to that proſperity, ſince I owe it to the dear 'hope—O! my Sophia, let it not be a diſtant one.— 'I will be all obedience to your commands. I will 'not dare to preſs any thing further than you permit 'me. Yet let me intreat you to appoint a ſhort 'trial. O! tell me, when I may expect you will 'be convinced of what is moſt ſolemnly true.'— 'When I have gone voluntarily thus far, Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'I expect not to be preſſed. Nay, I will 'not.'—'O do not look ſo unkindly thus, my So-'phia,' cries he. 'I do not, I dare not, preſs you. '—Yet permit me at leaſt once more to beg you 'would fix the period. O! conſider the impatience 'of love.'—'A twelve-month, perhaps,' ſaid ſhe.— 'O! my Sophia,' cries he, 'you have named an 'eternity.'—'Perhaps it may be ſomething ſooner,' ſays ſhe: 'I will not be teazed. If your paſſion for 'me be what I would have it, I think you may now 'be eaſy.'—'Eaſy, Sophia! call not ſuch exulting 'happineſs as mine by ſo cold a name.—O! tranſ-'porting thought! am I not aſſured that the bleſſed 'day will come, when I ſhall call you mine; when 'fears ſhall be no more; when I ſhall have that dear, 'that vaſt, that exquiſite, ecſtatic delight of making my 'Sophia happy?'—'Indeed, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that day 'is in your own power.'—'O! my dear, my divine 'angel,' cried he, 'theſe words have made me mad 'with joy.'—'But I muſt, I will thank thoſe dear 'lips which have ſo ſweetly pronounced my bliſs.' He then caught her in his arms, and kiſſed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

At this inſtant, Weſtern, who had ſtood ſome time liſtening, burſt into the room, and with his hunting voice and phraſe, cried out, 'To her, boy, to her, go 'to her.—That's it, little honeys. O! that's it.—— 'Well, what is it all over? Hath ſhe appointed 'the day, boy? What ſhall it be to-morrow or

'next

'next day? It shan't be put off a minute longer 'than next day, I am resolved.' 'Let me be-'seech you, sir,' says Jones, 'don't let me be the 'occasion'—'Beseech mine a——,' cries Western; 'I thought thou had'st been a lad of higher mettle, 'than to give way to a parcel of maidenish tricks— 'I tell thee it is all a flim-flam. Zoodikers! she'd 'have the wedding to-night with all her heart. 'Would'st not, Sophy?—Come, confess, and be an 'honest girl for once. What, art dumb? Why dost 'not speak?'—Why should I confess, sir,' says Sophia, 'since it seems you are so well acquainted with 'my thoughts.'—'That's a good girl,' cries he, 'and dost consent then?' 'No, indeed, sir,' says Sophia, 'I have given no such consent.'—'And 'wunt nut ha un then to-morrow, nor next day?' says Western.—'Indeed, sir,' says she, 'I have no 'such intention.—But I can tell thee,' replied he, 'why hast nut, only because thou dost love to be 'disobedient, and to plague and vex thy father.'— 'Pray, sir,' said Jones interfering—'I tell thee thou 'art a puppy,' cries he. 'When I forbid her, then 'it was all nothing but sighing and whining, and lan-'guishing and writing; now I am vor thee, she is 'against thee. All the spirit of contrary, that's all. 'She is above being guided and governed by her 'father, that is the whole truth on't. It is only to 'disoblige and contradict me.' 'What would my 'papa have me do?' cries Sophia. 'What would 'I ha thee do?' says he, 'why gi un thy hand this 'moment.'—'Well, sir,' said Sophia, 'I will obey 'you.—There is my hand, Mr. Jones. 'Well, and 'will you consent to haun to-morrow morning?' says Western.—'I will be obedient to you, sir,' cries she.—'Why then to-morrow morning be the 'day,' cries he.—'Why then, to-morrow morning 'shall be the day, papa, since you will have it so,' says Sophia. Jones then fell upon his knees, and kissed her hand in an agony of joy, while Western began to caper and dance about the room, presently crying

crying out,—'Where the devil is Allworthy? He 'is without now, a talking with that d—d lawyer 'Dowling, when he ſhould be minding other mat-'ters.' He then ſallied out in queſt of him, and very opportunely left the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone.

But he ſoon returned with Allworthy, ſaying, 'If 'you won't believe me, you may aſk her yourſelf. 'Haſt not gin thy conſent, Sophy, to be married 'to-morrow?' 'Such are your commands, ſir,' cries Sophia, 'and I dare not be guilty of diſobedi-'ence. 'I hope, madam,' cries Allworthy, 'my 'nephew will merit ſo much goodneſs, and will be 'always as ſenſible as myſelf of the great honour 'you have done my family. An alliance with ſo 'charming and ſo excellent a young lady, would 'indeed be an honour to the greateſt in England.' 'Yes,' cries Weſtern, 'but if I had ſuffered her to 'ſtand ſhill-I-ſhall-I, dilly-dally, you might not 'have had that honour yet awhile; I was forced to 'uſe a little fatherly authority to bring her to.' 'I 'hope not, ſir,' cries Allworthy. 'I hope there is 'not the leaſt conſtraint.' Why, there,' cries Weſ-tern, 'you may bid her unſay all again, if you will. 'Do'ſt repent heartily of thy promiſe, do'ſt not, 'Sophy?' 'Indeed, papa,' cries ſhe, 'I do not re-'pent, nor do I believe I ever ſhall, of any promiſe 'in favour of Mr. Jones.' 'Then, nephew,' cries Allworthy, 'I felicitate you moſt heartily; for I 'think you are the happieſt of men. And, madam, 'you will give me leave to congratulate you on this 'joyful occaſion: indeed I am convinced you have 'beſtowed yourſelf on one who will be ſenſible of 'your great merit, and who will at leaſt uſe his beſt 'endeavours to deſerve it.' 'His beſt endeavours!' cries Weſtern, 'that he will, I warrant un.—Harkee, 'Allworthy, I'll bet thee five pound to a crown we 'have a boy to-morrow nine months: but prithee 'tell me what wut ha! Wut ha Burgundy, Cham-'paigne, or what? for pleaſe Jupiter, we'll make a

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'night on't.' 'Indeed, ſir,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you 'muſt excuſe me; both my nephew and I were en- 'gaged, before I ſuſpected this near approach of his 'happineſs.'—'Engaged!' quoth the ſquire, 'never 'tell me. I won't part with thee to-night upon any 'occaſion. Shalt ſup here, pleaſe the lord Harry.' 'You muſt pardon me, my dear neighbour,' an- 'ſwered Allworthy; 'I have given a ſolemn pro- 'miſe, and that you know I never break.' 'Why, 'prithee, who art engaged to?' cries the ſquire.—— Allworthy then informed him, as likewiſe of the company.——'Odzookers!' anſwered the ſquire, 'I will go with thee, and ſo ſhall Sophy; for 'I won't part with thee to-night; and it would be 'barbarous to part Tom and the girl.' This offer was preſently embraced by Allworthy; and Sophia conſented, having firſt obtained a private promiſe from her father, that he would not mention a ſylla- ble concerning her marriage.

CHAPTER the Laſt.

In which the hiſtory is concluded.

YOUNG Nightingale had been that afternoon, by appointment, to wait on his father, who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewiſe he met his uncle, who was returned to town in queſt of his new-married daughter.

This marriage was the luckieſt incident which could have happened to the young gentleman: for theſe brothers lived in a conſtant ſtate of contention about the government of their children, both heartily deſpiſing the method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured as much as he could to palliate the offence which his own child had committed, and to aggravate the match of the other. This deſire of triumphing over his brother, added to the many arguments which Allworthy had uſed, ſo ſtrongly operated on the old gentleman, that he met his ſon with a ſmiling countenance, and actually agreed

agreed to ſup with him that evening at Mrs. Miller's.

As for the other, who really loved his daughter with the moſt immoderate affection, there was little difficulty in inclining him to a reconciliation. He was no ſooner informed by his nephew, where his daughter and her huſband were, than he declared he would inſtantly go to her. And when he arrived there, he ſcarce ſuffered her to fall upon her knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a tenderneſs which affected all who ſaw him; and in leſs than a quarter of an hour was as well reconciled to both her and her huſband, as if he had himſelf joined their hands.

In this ſituation were affairs, when Mr. Allworthy and his company arrived to complete the happineſs of Mrs. Miller, who no ſooner ſaw Sophia, than ſhe gueſſed every thing that had happened; and ſo great was her friendſhip to Jones, that it added not a few tranſports to thoſe ſhe felt on the happineſs of her own daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many inſtances of a number of people, met together, where every one was ſo perfectly happy, as in this company. Amongſt whom the father of young Nightingale enjoyed the leaſt perfect content; for notwithſtanding his affection for his ſon; notwithſtanding the authority and the arguments of Allworthy, together with the other motive mentioned before, he could not ſo entirely be ſatisfied with his ſon's choice; and perhaps the preſence of Sophia herſelf tended a little to aggravate and heighten his concern, as a thought now and then ſuggeſted itſelf, that his ſon might have had that lady, or ſome ſuch other. Nor that any of the charms which adorned either the perſon or mind of Sophia, created the uneaſineſs: it was the contents of her father's coffers which ſet his heart a longing. Theſe were the charms which he could not bear to think his ſon had ſacrificed to the daughter of Mrs. Miller.

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The brides were both very pretty women; but ſo totally were they eclipſed by the beauty of Sophia, that had they not been two of the beſt tempered girls in the world, it would have raiſed ſome envy in their breaſts; for neither of their huſbands could long keep his eyes from Sophia, who ſat at the table like a queen receiving homage, or rather like a ſuperior being receiving adoration from all around her. But it was an adoration which they gave, not which ſhe exacted: for ſhe was as much diſtinguiſhed by her modeſty and affability, as by all her other perfections.

The evening was ſpent in much true mirth. All were happy, but thoſe the moſt, who had been moſt unhappy before. Their former ſufferings and fears gave ſuch a reliſh to their felicity, as even love and fortune in their fulleſt flow could not have given without the advantage of ſuch a compariſon. Yet as great joy, eſpecially after a ſudden change and revolution of circumſtances, is apt to be ſilent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue, Jones and Sophia appeared the leaſt merry of the whole company. Which Weſtern obſerved with great impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'ſt not 'talk, boy! Why do'ſt look ſo grave! Haſt loſt 'thy tongue, girl! Drink another glaſs of wine, 'ſha't drink another glaſs.' And the more to enliven her, he would ſometimes ſing a merry ſong, which bore ſome relation to matrimony, and the loſs of a maidenhead. Nay, he would have proceeded ſo far on that topic, as to have driven her out of the room, if Mr. Allworthy had not checkt him ſometimes by looks, and once or twice by a 'fie!' Mr. Weſtern. He began indeed once to debate the matter, and aſſert his right to talk to his own daughter as he thought fit; but as no body ſeconded him, he was ſoon reduced to order.

Notwithſtanding this little reſtraint, he was ſo pleaſed with the chearfulneſs and good-humour of the company, that he inſiſted on their meeting the next day at his lodgings. They all did ſo; and the lovely Sophia,

Sophia, who was now in private become a bride too, officiated as the miſtreſs of the ceremonies, or, in the polite phraſe, did the honours of the table. She had that morning given her hand to Jones, in the chapel at Doctors Commons, where Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Weſtern, and Mrs. Miller, where the only perſons preſent.

Sophia had earneſtly deſired her father, that no others of the company, who were that day to dine with him, ſhould be acquainted with her marriage. The ſame ſecrecy was enjoined to Mrs. Miller, and Jones undertook for Allworthy. This ſomewhat reconciled the delicacy of Sophia to the public entertainment, which, in compliance with her father's will, ſhe was obliged to go to, greatly againſt her own inclinations. In confidence of this ſecrecy, ſhe went through the day pretty well, till the ſquire, who was now advanced into the ſecond bottle, could contain his joy no longer, but filling out a bumper, drank a health to the bride. The health was immediately pledged by all preſent, to the great confuſion of our poor bluſhing Sophia, and the great concern of Jones upon her account. To ſay truth, there was not a perſon preſent made wiſer by this diſcovery; for Mrs. Miller had whiſpered it to her daughter, her daughter to her huſband, her huſband to his ſiſter, and ſhe to all the reſt.

Sophia now took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies, and the ſquire ſat in to his cups, in which he was by degrees, deſerted by all the company, except the uncle of young Nightingale, who loved his bottle as well as Weſtern himſelf. Theſe two therefore ſat ſtoutly to it, during the whole evening, and long after that happy hour which had ſurrendered the charming Sophia to the eager arms of her enraptured Jones.

Thus reader, we have at length brought our hiſtory to a concluſion, in which, to our great pleaſure, tho' contrary perhaps to thy expectation, Mr. Jones appears to be the happieſt of all human kind: for what happineſs

happineſs this world affords equal to the poſſeſſion of ſuch a woman as Sophia, I ſincerely own I have never yet diſcovered.

As to the other perſons who have made any conſiderable figure in this hiſtory, as ſome may deſire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed, in as few words as poſſible, to ſatisfy their curioſity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to ſee Blifil, but he hath yielded to the importunity of Jones, backed by Sophia, to ſettle 200l. a year upon him; to which Jones hath privately added a third. Upon this income he lives in one of the northern counties, about 200 miles diſtant from London, and lays up 200l. a year out of it, in order to purchaſe a ſeat in the next parliament from a neighbouring borough, which he has bargained for with an attorney there. He is alſo lately turned methodiſt, in hopes of marrying a very rich widow of that ſect, whoſe eſtate lies in that part of the kingdom.

Square died ſoon after he writ the before-mentioned letter; and as to Thwackum, he continues at his vicarage. He hath made many fruitleſs attempts to regain the confidence of Allworthy, or to ingratiate himſelf with Jones, both of whom he flatters to their faces, and abuſes behind their backs. But in his ſtead Mr. Allworthy hath lately taken Mr. Abraham Adams into his houſe, of whom Sophia is grown immoderately fond, and declares he ſhall have the tuition of her children.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is ſeparated from her huſband, and retains the little remains of her fortune. She lives in reputation at the polite end of the town, and is ſo good an oeconomiſt, that ſhe ſpends three times the income of her fortune, without running in debt. She maintains a perfect intimacy with the lady of the Iriſh peer; and in acts of friendſhip to her repays all the obligations ſhe owes to her huſband.

Mrs. Weſtern was ſoon reconciled to her niece Sophia, and had ſpent two months together with her in

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the country. Lady Bellaſton made the latter a formal viſit at her return to town, where ſhe behaved to Jones as to a perfect ſtranger, and with great civility wiſhed him joy on his marriage.

Mr. Nightingale hath purchaſed an eſtate for his ſon in the neighbourhood of Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs. Miller, and her little daughter reſide, and the moſt agreeable intercourſe ſubſiſts between the two families.

As to thoſe of lower account, Mrs. Waters returned into the country, had a penſion of 60l. a year ſettled upon her by Mr. Allworthy, and is married to parſon Supple, on whom, at the inſtance of Sophia, Weſtern hath beſtowed a conſiderable living.

Black George hearing the diſcovery that had been made, run away, and was never ſince heard of; and Jones beſtowed the money on his family, but not in equal proportions, for Molly had much the greateſt ſhare.

As for Partridge, Jones hath ſettled 50l. a year on him; and he hath again ſet up a ſchool, in which he meets with much better encouragement than formerly; and there is now a treaty of marriage on foot, between him and Miſs Molly Seagrim, which, through the mediation of Sophia, is likely to take effect.

We now return to take leave of Mr. Jones and Sophia, who, within two days after their marriage, attended Mr. Weſtern and Mr. Allworthy into the country. Weſtern hath reſigned his family ſeat, and the greater part of his eſtate to his ſon-in-law, and hath retired to a leſſer houſe of his, in another part of the country, which is better for hunting. Indeed he is often as a viſitant with Mr. Jones, who, as well as his daughter, hath an infinite delight in doing every thing in their power to pleaſe him. And this deſire of theirs is attended with ſuch ſucceſs, that the old gentleman declares he was never happy in his life till now. He hath here a parlour and anti-chamber to himſelf, where he gets drunk with whom he pleaſes; and his daughter is ſtill as ready as formerly to play

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to him whenever he desires it; for Jones hath assured her, that as next to pleasing her, one of his highest satisfactions is to contribute to the happiness of the old man; so the great duty which she expresses and performs to her father renders her almost equally dear to him, with the love which she bestows on himself.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine children, a boy and a girl, of whom the old gentleman is so fond, that he spends much of his time in the nursery, where he declares the tattling of his little grand-daughter, who is above a year and a half old, is sweeter music than the sinest cry of dogs in England.

Allworthy was likewise greatly liberal to Jones on the marriage, and hath omitted no instance of shewing his affection to him and his lady, who loves him as a father. Whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice, has been corrected by continual conversation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. He hath also, by reflexion on his past follies, acquired a discretion and prudence very uncommon in one of his lively parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier man and woman than this fond couple, so neither can any be imagined more happy. They preserve the purest and tenderest affection for each other, an affection daily increased and confirmed by mutual endearments, and mutual esteem. Nor is their conduct towards their relations and friends less amiable, than towards one another. And such is their condescension, their indulgence, and their beneficence to those below them, that there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a servant, who doth not most gratefully bless the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

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END OF THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES.